

THE WAR CRY.



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

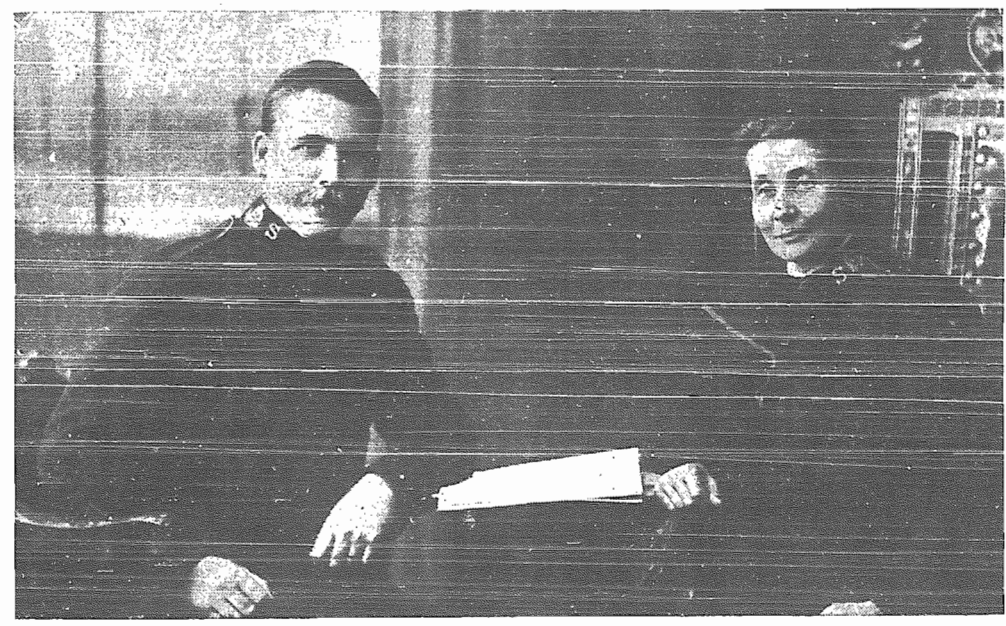
24th Year. No. 32.

WILLIAM BOUTIL,
General.

TORONTO, MAY 16, 1908.

THOMAS B. COOSES,
Commissioner.

Price, 2 Cents.



COMMISSIONER AND MRS. MACALONAN,

CUTLETS FROM

THEY GOT THEIR BARITONE.

The Old Tune Touched Him.

Previous to the Saturday night open-air meeting, the little Band connected with the Waratah Corps had met in the Hall for a time of prayer. A new comrade was with us—a baritone player—but, unfortunately, no instrument was available. One comrade knew where the required instrument could be procured, so the Bandmen present liberally donated; but we were still 10s. short. "Let us pray that God will send it," said the Bandmaster. Whilst in the open-air a gentleman came close to the ring, and appeared to be deeply interested. A Bandsmen stepped out and spoke to him, and, while conversing about his soul, mentioned that the Band were having a practice at the Hall after the open-air meeting; would he come? Praise God! The Holy Spirit led him to the practice. During the playing of a familiar old tune, he was so touched that, drawing a purse from his pocket, a half-sovereign donation was given to the Band fund. Thus God speedily answered prayer. We faithfully dealt with the man about a decision for Christ. We now rejoice in a baritone, and the Band's number has increased. —Australian Cry.

THIRTY YEARS OF DRUNKENNESS.

Tinny's Career.

One of the most striking conversions in the Henley Corps is that of Henry Evans, better known locally as "Tinny." For drunkenness, fighting and poaching "Tinny" has been in prison twenty-seven times, and has spent at least seven Christmases behind prison bars. On his head are to be found the marks and scars of twenty-seven cuts received in fights and scrimmages with policemen and others. The latter part of his thirty years of drunkenness was spent in lounging about during the day, and poaching at night.

"Tinny" was drunk when he accepted the invitation of one of the converts to go to an Army tea. During the meeting which followed he expressed the wish to be a better man, and, taking a bottle of beer from his pocket, gave it to a Salvationist, and cried to God for Salvation from the curse.

When he reached home and told what had happened, his wife, who had previously often seen him in a drunken fit, smash furniture and crockery, wept for joy. He now

The Praying League

PRAY, PLEASE.

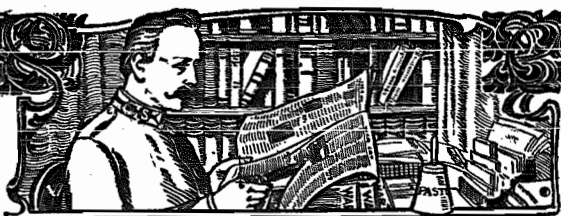
We regret to say that our comrade, Mrs. Blanche Johnston, the Secretary of the Praying League, is very far from being well—is, in fact, suffering a break-down in health, similar at a few years ago. She desires the prayers of all our comrades for her behalf. May we also earnestly request all our readers to intercede with God on behalf of our comrade, that she may be speedily raised up from her sick bed.

Special Prayer Topic: Pray for Self-Denial spiritual aftermath.

Sunday, May 17th.—The Touch and the Healer. Luke viii. 41-44; Mark v. 28-56.

Monday, May 18th.—Full of Compassion. Matt. ix. 27-35; Mark vi. 5-6.

Tuesday, May 19th.—Officers' Orders. Matt. x. 1-22.



CONTEMPT PORARIES

carries the Colours, teaches mat-making in connection with the Young People's Legion, and has the respect of the community.—British War Cry.

MILLIONS OUT OF WORK.

Wanted, a Moses!

Representatives of the Industrial Workers of the World and other societies which recently met in council, report continued disaster in the industrial world, with the list of unemployed larger than ever. The statistics given were enough to wring the hearts of those whose interest in their brother man is something more than sentiment, with acutest anguish. According to the reports made, the number of unemployed to date stand at the following figures:—

California	95,000	Georgia	27,000
Colorado	46,500	Florida	45,000
Connecticut	55,000	Oregon	51,000
Illinois	300,000	Washington	44,000
Massachusetts	95,000	Idaho	26,000
Missouri	82,000	Nevada	14,000
Montana	38,000	Arizona	12,000
Rhode Isl.	30,000	Nebraska	19,500
N. Y. State	750,000	Dakotas	26,000
Pennsylvania	350,000	Minnesota	43,000
Ohio	200,000	Wisconsin	92,000
Michigan	135,000	Indiana	60,000
New Jersey	80,000	Kentucky	36,000
Delaware	30,000	Tennessee	23,000
Maryland	75,000	Arkansas	21,000
Virginia	42,000	Louisiana	47,000
W. Vir.	40,000	Texas	40,000
N. Carolina	36,000	Alabama	39,000
S. Carolina	30,000		
Total	3,158,000		

The business of the country is practically at a standstill. How long will it last? What will be the outcome? Who shall arise as the financial Moses to lead the country out of its distress?—American Cry.

FIREPROOFING MATERIALS.

How to Safeguard Against Fire.

No fabric can burn unless the flame has oxygen to feed upon, and scientists have long since discovered that by the adoption of suitable chemicals the free supply of this gas is shut off on the application of heat. Therefore, any fabric impregnated by one of several salts is rendered much more difficult for fire to take hold of.

Without going too deeply into the scientific aspects of the case, it may be stated that there are three classes of materials for rendering fabrics fireproof.

Some of the salts used for this purpose are soluble, while others are insoluble. Alum, Borax, silicate of soda, tungstate of soda, aluminium sulphate, ammonium phosphate, ammonium sulphate, calcium chloride, and ammonium calcium are all soluble salts, which, when made into a saturated solution, render fabrics treated with them more or less fireproof.

By far the best all-round salt for this purpose is tungstate of soda. It is not affected by the dye of clothes, and is largely used in fireproofing. A saturated solution should be made of the salt, and the material dipped in, so as to become thoroughly saturated. The fabric is then hung up to dry naturally. Calcium sulphate is very cheap in price, and is often preferred to tungstate of soda. This salt is, however, almost insoluble in water, and, consequently, should be dissolved in a solution of ammonium sulphate, rendering a mixture which is practically fireproof.—Local Officer.

ALONE IN ENGLAND!

Young Australian's Dilemma.

Among the applicants for relief at the Whitechapel Labour Bureau the other day, was a young fellow from Australia, who, arriving in England three weeks previous, found himself friendless and destitute, under the following circumstances.

He was born in Australia, he stated, twenty-one years ago, where he was until recently a Reuter's telegraphist. His father, who represents a well-known firm of engineers, was called to England, but the young fellow stayed on in Australia.

In the meantime he fell out of employment. He wrote to his parents in this country, but receiving no reply, he decided to work his passage across. He accordingly secured a berth as steward on the S. S. "Oratavia," and arrived in England a month ago.

Then he discovered that his people had recently returned to Australia, his father's employers having decided to continue their business in Australia.

The young man had evidently left Australia before a letter from his father explaining the circumstances had had time to reach him.

of the world and the glory of them.

The temptation on the mountain, so graphically described by St. Matthew, shows the presumption and subtlety of the enemy we have to meet, when even our Lord, in His humanity, was not exempt from his "fiery darts."

3rd.—The standard is too high when people say they cannot fall from it. The angels were perfect, and they fell; Adam and Eve were perfect, and they fell; our Saviour Christ Himself suffered, being tempted." Showing that His temptation was a real thing, and only conquered by His struggling and wrestling in agonising prayer.

The standard is too low, first, when people say a good, moral life is sufficient; that is, if they can pay their way, are just to all, "do the best they can," that is all that can be expected. Such a life is lived by many who make no profession of religion, but who are good fathers, kind mothers, clever business men, or honest workmen.

Second. The standard is too low when people say they are free from the consciousness of guilt. That is made out of the unconverted soul. Every professing Christian should be sure that the guilt of the past is

In his dilemma, having no one else to turn to, he thought of The Army. Hence his appearance at Whitechapel. A telegram, which was at once dispatched to the young man's father's employers, stating briefly the position, brought back the reply that the facts were correct, but they could not see their way clear to render aid to the young fellow.

Nothing, therefore, remained but to offer him a shelter in one of our institutions, pending further arrangements, which he gratefully accepted. —British Social Gazette.

IT WAS SIXPENCE.

But It Produced a Sovereign's Worth of Fun

A very interesting article on the history of the International Staff Band contains the following:

The Staff Band, as a whole, has never lost its head by reason of its success, nor has it been abnormally depressed by failure. With what light hearts we shadowed to "raise the wind" for a set of new instruments. We all took a late train to a certain suburb, and outside an "aestral pile," we played selection after selection, and then found the house empty.

There were lights in the windows of the next "palatial residence." This looked more hopeful. After making the welkin ring with some excellent music, Staff-Captain Tully, our most courtly Bandisman, was deputed to enter to receive the donation. In response to our comrade's ring the door flew open, and presently down the wide sweep of stairway came a beautifully arrayed lady, smiling radiantly, and carrying a silver salver in her hand, on which stood the shrubs we looked on, holding our breath. We saw our comrade bow like a seventeenth century cavalier, as he lifted the gift from the salver, still bowing he retired backwards as from the royal presence at a drawing-room reception. Walking on air we made for the nearest lamp-post to ascertain the amount of the lady's donation. It was sixpence.

We didn't raise the money for our new instruments that night. It was rare fun, however, though we got home very late and very tired, and very sore with laughing. That is how the Bandsmen treated their failures in the days of which I write—they laughed them away. Any new fellow, who was endowed with an overplus of dignity, soon got the stiffling rubbed out of him, and he became his bright, sane, and human self.—Bandsmen and Songster.

blotted out, through the forgiving grace of God. "As far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." —Ps. ciii. 12.

What, Then, is the Divine Standard?

First.—To be given up to God's will. One writer has said, "The highest reach of faith is loving, intelligent consecration of all our life to the will of God. We are to have desires, but they are to be held in subordination to God's desires and thoughts for us. We are to have plans, but they are to be laid at God's feet, that He may either let us work them out for Him, or show us His plan for us instead of our own. Complete consecration of our wills to God's—that is the standard of Christian living at which we are to aim. Tennyson puts this well in 'In Memoriam'—

"Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours to make them
Thine."

They are ours—we are sovereign in our power of will. They are to be made God's, but we must make them His—we must voluntarily yield our-
(Continued on page 16.)

The Grace Hospital, Winnipeg.

A STORY OF A GREAT WORK.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

WHEN the good Editor of the "War Cry" gave me as a commission, a "write-up" of Grace Hospital, he unwittingly set me a difficult task.

An Eastern lady who visited Winnipeg during the time of my visit, and who was a very interested visitor of Grace Hospital, referring to it to me afterwards, exclaimed, "The charm of the place is upon me still," and, after the lapse of some weeks, as the first opportunity to comply with the Editor's request occurs, I can reiterate her opinion.

It can very truly be written of this Institution in the words of Victor Hugo: "This door does not ask her who enters, whether she has a name, but whether she bears a sorrow."

Or in the significant couplet of the poet:

Hands of want and souls in pain,
Have not sought my door in vain.

It is not only the imposing building of red brick and over a hundred feet frontage, standing out in all the splendour of its five stories, and its inviting portico with shining white pillars that impresses one—but that peculiar, almost undefinable something called Atmosphere. One feels the influence of the place. It must be the kind words that are spoken, the loving thoughts of sympathy and compassion that are experienced; the earnest prayers, that as sweet incense continually arise; the joyous hymns of praise—of hope and faith that daily ascend, that seem to flood the spacious corridors and lofty rooms with that air of homelikeness and love.

And one has only to pause a moment and consider the stupendous need of such a place in our rapidly-growing West land, to be filled with gratitude that The Army has been able to meet it—to a great extent—in this way.

Winnipeg City alone has representatives of fifty nationalities. Hundreds of young women from foreign lands, and from our own Eastern Provinces, flock into the "Golden West." They are unprotected, and away from the good influences of mother, friends, and home environment, and are subject to temptations unnamed and appalling. The Liberty of the West is intoxication, and in many cases, I fear, Liberty spells License, and the youthful womanhood and girlhood drift into distressing and degrading conditions. For many years The Army has carried on a beautiful work of Rescue. Beginning in a tiny six-roomed cottage, with many handicaps, it has passed through various stages of advancement.

The splendid work accomplished for ten years in the Yonge Street Home, showed the citizens of Winnipeg what The Army could and would do, so that when overwhelming calls were made, with their usual generosity and willingness to co-operate in any cause for the uplifting of their fellow-citizens, the Winnipeggers responded most

nobly—individually, civilly, and Governmentally, with the result, that there is, in Grace Hospital, an Institution, in which the Western people, as well as The Army generally, may feel a justifiable satisfaction.

The Hospital was incorporated in February 1904, and a dainty little report of the work, called "Love's Touch," gives the following facts, respecting its conditions and purposes.

"It is heated with hot water, has electric fittings, and all modern appliances throughout. It has accommodation for one hundred and twenty women and children, and at the present, has nearly one hundred inmates.

The cost of building, with furnishings, amounted to \$49,750.00. Towards this sum the Provincial Government has given \$10,000.00, Winnipeg City Council, \$7,500.00, and the balance raised by subscriptions and loans.

The Hospital, under the supervision of a duly qualified staff of Physicians and nurses, is open for the rescue and uplifting of fallen women. This necessitates a work of a three-fold character, namely:—

1.—The sheltering of the girl for a period of time before and after her sickness.

2.—The Hospital work at the time of her confinement.

3.—The sheltering and care of the children born in the home.

When the girl has regained her strength, a situation is found for her, to which she takes her child, but, where this is not possible, we keep the child for her when deemed necessary, and she pays a trifle, according to her means, toward its support. In other cases we get her to return with her child, to her home, where influences tending to her uplifting exist. Unless the circumstances are exceptional, we insist upon the mother keeping and caring for the child.

The Institution is also open to poor, destitute women of the city, for maternity purposes, where poverty will not allow for the engagement of nurse, etc.; there are also two private Wards for maternity work for any person able to pay for the attention necessary during such sickness.

Reception of Applicants.—It is entirely un denominational in its reception of applicants.

Those applying for admittance having the means, are expected to pay something for medical attendance, but, where the patient is destitute, the same attention will be given entirely free.

On entering the building, one turns through the vestibule to the left, and finds oneself in a cosy little reception room. This was partially furnished by Mrs. McArthur. Next to this is the Warden, or Superintendent's Office, and beside it, a bright, cheerful room—the dining-room of the staff.

The second room in the Officers' Suite is a comfortable sitting-room, charmingly furnished in rich shades of bronze and green, a pretty mantle shelf of polished oak surmounts an inviting fire-place of copper and mottled tiles. There are a few comfortable chairs and choice pictures; with a useful secretaire. This pleasant room was furnished by the T. Eaton Co., and must be a real haven into which the dear Officers retreat for a few minutes rest when the burdens of the work press heavily upon them. Across the hall, are dining-rooms and kitchen for the use of inmates. To the right hand in the front of the building is a large room used for Girls' Lecture room, and evening services or entertainments. There is an organ in this room, with chairs, tables, books and pictures. But the Matron would very much like a piano for the use of the girls in the evening recreation, for the Home element is one of the chief factors in Army Rescue Work.

The Matron's room is next—furnished by a good friend of The Work, the Hon. Robert Rodgers. Pretty touches of yellow and blue here, add an artistic finish. Opposite, are two commodious, comfortable rooms used for work rooms, and a sitting room where former inmates who are engaged in earning their own livelihood may spend an evening, have a cup of tea, and enjoy the consciousness of having "somewhere to go," for some of them are "strangers in a strange land."

The basement has the usual equipment of furnaces, coal-bins, laundries and butteries, vegetable room and trunk cupboard. Adjoining the laundry is a jacket heater, for heating laundry, bathrooms, and for hospital purposes.

On the second floor is a Public Ward, furnished by the Masons; a Semi-Private Ward, furnished by Mrs. R. J. Whittle, in memory of the late Mr. Whittle, who for many years took a deep and practical interest in The Army's Work of Rescue.

There is also a Private Ward, furnished by Hon. R. P. Roblin, "As a token of his good wishes toward the work of this institution," and another beautifully furnished room, by Mr. John Leslie.

The obstetrical room is equipped in most modern style, with its medicine and instrument cabinet, baby bassinets, Rochester Sterilizer, dressing tables, bow-stands, etc., etc.—even scales for weighing the wee babies. This Ward was furnished through the generosity of Dr. Sugden and friends. There are also nurses' bedrooms, furnished by friends. There is the Children's Sick Ward, with its tiny white cots, white spreads and pillow shams, furnished by Ladies of Wood-

craft Lodge. A large, sunny, Day Nursery and Hospital Kitchen is also on this floor. The Children's Department of the Hospital can be completely isolated from the other part of the building. The nurseries were furnished by the warm-hearted Officer and Soldiers of the No. 1, Corps.

The third storey is taken up with dormitories, wards, etc. There are, of course, bathrooms and fire-escapes in each flat.

Being incorporated, the Hospital receives the same Government Grants as others—so much per diem, per capita, and the City Council subsidize it annually, to the extent of two hundred dollars. There are a host of generous, interested friends, and a staff of physicians who deserve honorable and appreciative mention. What stories might be recorded if space permitted it just here, for this Home of Refuge shelters 240 women and girls every year, and 200 helpless little children!

Oh, the pathos of these lives! The tragedy of these lives! Oh, the tears, the shame, the sorrow, the disappointment, pain and sin, represented by the silent figures—the weepings of broken-hearted motherhood, and the moanings of wounded, suffering—and sometimes—abandoned childhood! The pity of it! The agony of it!

But happily, these figures tell another and brighter story—of the broken hearts healed, of the hot tears wiped away, of wrecked lives restored, of homes made happy and little ones fed, clothed, and made good.

The Anemone is MacArthur's emblematic flower, and it seems typical of that love—human and Divine—which has poured, and is pouring, its healing stream in the Grace Hospital into sad, distressed hearts!

So, thou pure emblem of the West, In blue-translucent garments dress'd, Sun-kissed Anemone;

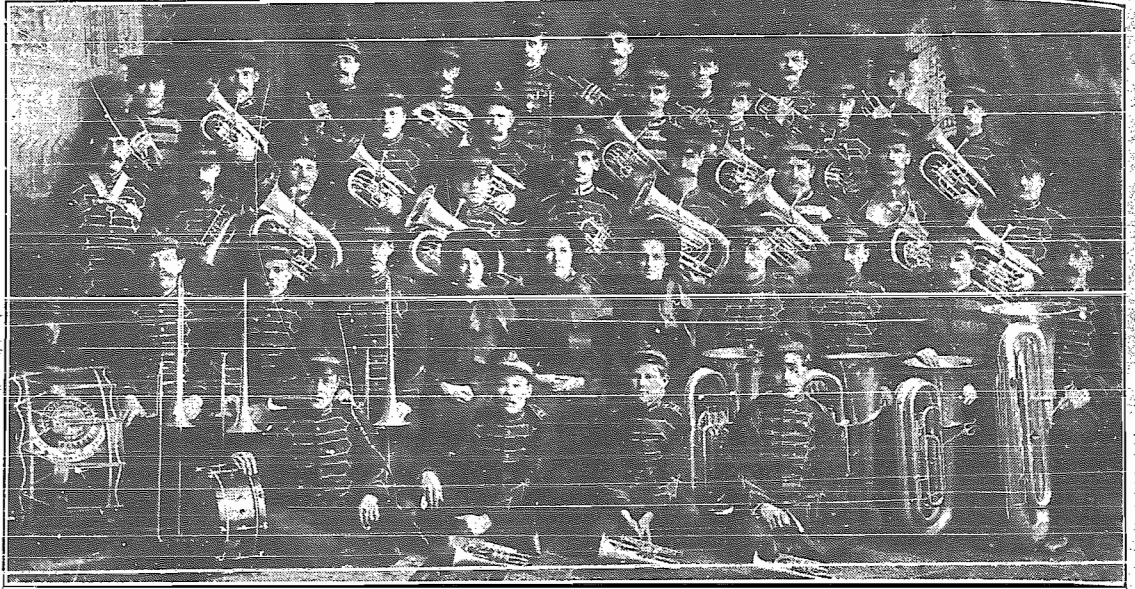
Dost gently, brightest hopes instill,
And new life all the senses thrill,
With love and liberty.

AN ILLUSTRATED CALVARY SERIES.

Charlottetown sold out its Easter Crys like hot-cross buns. The merit and the price were irresistible. Good Friday night, Adjutant Sparks put on a Calvary meeting, illustrated with 130 fine views. It proved a great blessing to all present.

We are deeply indebted to Mr. Burke, for his kindly gratuitous help on three occasions of late.

Easter Sunday the Lord was with us from morn till eve. There were two souls in the holiness meeting and two at night. Brother W. C. Turner gave a powerful address and appeal at night, on "Hunger," based on the story of the prodigal son.—H.



MAJOR CAMERON AT LIPPINCOTT.

Girl Cadets Assist—A Triumphant Day—Cutting Off Worldly Adornments.

On Self-Denial Sunday, the meetings at Lippincott were conducted by Major Cameron, assisted by her girl Cadets from the Training College. A most blessed time was experienced in the holiness meeting, and the Major gave an inspiring address on "Faith."

An hour of testimony and song preceded the Major's afternoon address, and a bright and lively time was spent. The "Joy of Giving," was the theme of the speaker, and she impressed upon all the truth that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

The Major soon got down to business at night. After a song, a Bible reading, and a testimony from Cadet Beatrice, the Major started in to speak about the Atonement, and the reason it had for us. She gave a very clear, forcible, and convincing address, winding up by urging the sinners to seek God by a true repentance. A woman came forward to the mercy seat in the early part of the prayer meeting. The Major was down among her audience personally entreating them to save their souls, and she succeeded soon after in persuading another young woman to seek the Lord. The penitent wore a hat trimmed with large roses, and as she knelt at the mercy seat, she took it off and handed it to the Major, requesting her to cut off the flowers, and promising never to wear them again. It was a sign that she had overcome her pride and vanity. A little boy then came forward, and amid general rejoicing, the meeting closed.

Adjutant and Mrs. Kendall expressed their appreciation of the visit of such a woman warrior to their Corps and were overjoyed at the success of the day's fighting.

Trifton—We are still increasing in numbers here. On Sunday afternoon four comrades took their stand as Soldiers of The Army. A nice time was experienced. Quite a few visitors were with us.—One Interested.

A Crowd of Hustlers.

THE STORY OF THE VANCOUVER BAND.

ABOUT fifteen years ago, it was determined by the Officers in charge of Vancouver, to organise a Band. Times were hard on the Coast just then, and only a mere handful of Soldiers could be gathered together for the purpose of learning instruments. The little Band struggled on, however, and had many ups and down, as late as the year 1907. Last November it was decided to re-organise the Band, and put things on a solid basis. Brigadier Smeeton, the P. O., and Staff-Captain Hayes, the Officer in Charge of the Corps at that time, took a great interest in the matter, and fourteen members were obtained to begin with. Some of them did not understand a note of music, but they were willing to learn, and that made them eligible for membership. Then, a difficulty arose, as to who should teach them.

At length a man was found in the person of Bandmaster Redburn, who had been a conductor of outside Bands previous to his joining The Salvation Army. He was fully qualified for the position of Army Bandmaster, having considerable musical ability, and being a zealous and self-sacrificing Soldier of Christ, ever ready to do his best for God and The Army.

He soon got the Band into first-rate condition, and rapid progress was made. Bandmen then began to come to Vancouver from other parts, and the ranks of the Band swelled rapidly. Uniforms were purchased, and before long, quite a big Brass Band marched down the streets, much to the delight of the people of Vancouver.

The next move was to obtain a new set of silver-plated instruments, "Our Own Make." The cost of them was \$2,000, but the Band boys worked hard to raise the money, and very soon this debt was cleared off. None worked harder in this effort than the worthy Bandmaster, who cheerfully sacrificed home comforts, and even his work, in order to devote his time to the Band.

The Band now numbers thirty-seven players. Considering the short time they have been re-organised, the progress they have made is nothing short of marvellous. Each one is in uniform; each has a bright, new, silver instrument; the heavy expenses have been met, and all are fast becoming competent musicians—that is hustling some!

The Band has been complimented on their playing by many leading citizens, including Sir Charles Tupper, who has a warm place in his heart for The Army. The Band Locals are an alert set of men, ever working for the interests of the Band boys. Band-Sergeant Kilpin, is the one who looks after the spiritual welfare of the Bandmen. Band-Secretary Wilson is constantly busy with the finances. Deputy-Bandmaster Done has had much experience with Bands, both in and out of The Army, and is ever willing to do his best to help all. The Bandmen in general love their work, and toil hard to improve themselves. Once a month a spiritual meeting is held for the purpose of keeping the great object of soul-saving well in view, and all are progressing spiritually as well as musically.—F. Stride.

The names of the Bandmen are as follows, reading from left to right:—

Top Row.—Deputy-Bandmaster Bone (Solo Cor.) Bandman T. Moyes (first Cor.), Bandman Axton (Clarinet), Moore (second Cor.), M. Fuller (first Cor.), Woods (first Cor.), Taylor (second Cor.)

Second Row.—F. Moyes (second Cor.), Band-Sergeant Kilpin (Solo Tromp.), Butler (first Tenor), Fleming (first Tenor), P. Swain (sec. Ten.), Cambie (first Tenor), Stocks (sec. Tenor), Coulter (sec. Tenor).

Third Row.—G. Wright (Bass Drummer), Blake (Flugel), Jones (Eupho.), Wakefield (Solo Eupho.), Bandmaster Redburn (Solo Cor.), LaBeute (sec. Bar.), Swain (sec. Bar.), Stephens (first Bar.), Norman (first Bar.).

Fourth Row.—Fuller (Solo Tromp.), Sims (first Tromp.), Swain (sec. Tromp.), Captain Dawe, Staff-Captain Hayes, Lieutenant Chadder, Band-Secretary Wilson (Bombardier), Piper (Bombardier), Bell (med. Bass), Watson (Mon. Bass.)

Fifth Row.—Wright (side Drum), Tarrant (sec. Cor.), Kilpin (Flugel Horn), Stride (Solo Cornet)

BRIGADIER BOND AT LONDON.

An interesting, instructive, and Profitable Series of Meetings.

Brigadier Bond, the Editor of the "War Cry," conducted special meetings at London 1, on Self-Denial Sunday. These services were much enjoyed by all. Our appetites were sharpened on Saturday night by the lecture "Romance of Soul-Saving." This address was illustrated by many stirring incidents, showing how God works wonders through the weak things of the world. Two souls sought salvation.

The principles of Self-Denial were dealt with in the Holiness meeting on Sunday. The truth was enforced by the example of great men who, by practical Self-Denial gained a worldly object. In the afternoon meeting, the description of the missionary work of The Army in Zululand was very instructive, and our faith was increased in the power of the Gospel to save all classes of men.

At night the large crowd listened attentively to the exposition of God's Word. The Editor spoke of God's great mercy, and the means He uses to bring men to repentance. "God allows men to fall, that He may raise them up." Four souls at the mercy seat were the visible results of this meeting.

We say to the Editor, "Another visit, please."—F. Howell, Adjutant.

ONE HUNDRED STRONG.

On Sunday at New Aberdeen, a dear comrade, over eighty years of age, came to Jesus during knee-drill. We had good times on Good Friday. The Officers and Soldiers from the surrounding Corps came in, and we had a splendid meeting, resulting in one young lad seeking salvation.

The Band was astir early on Easter Sunday, and nearly one hundred people took part in the march amid the falling snow. We rejoiced at night over the return of an dear sister.—Uncle Joe for Captain and Mrs. Hargrove.

One of the most impressive Moslem ceremonies is held in the outskirts of Biskra. It is attended by hundreds of white-robed Arabs, who perform the ceremonies of the Moslem ritual of prayer. The earlier portion of the service is recited standing. During the latter part the whole great assembly falls prostrate.

As the result of a collision between the American Line Steamship "St. Paul," and the British second-class cruiser "Gladiator," off the Isle of Wight, twenty-five lives were lost. The "St. Paul" encountered a terrific snow blizzard in the Solent. The captain and the pilot were on the bridge, and a look-out man was standing in the crow's nest. The British ship appeared immediately in front of them, and in spite of orders being issued for full speed astern, it was too late to avoid a collision. The "St. Paul's" sharp stem rammed the cruiser amidships. As the shock was felt the passengers rushed on deck in alarm, but the comeliness of the officers and crew prevented a panic. The lifeboats were lowered to rescue the crew of the "gladiator," which was beginning to sink. Magnificent discipline was displayed by the sailors, who formed in ranks along the deck of their doomed vessel, and marched in successive batches to the gangway, where they were taken into the boats. Captain Lumby, a true naval officer, did not even think of leaving his ship. The bow of the "St. Paul" was badly stove in, and several weeks will be required to complete repairs. They are going down to the sea in ships and do business in the great water, and are subject to many dangers.

Pacific Paragraphs. Wedding in British Columbia.

CHICAGO'S NEW CITADEL.

Major and Mrs. Morris left by the "Princess May," to visit the native Corps, and will be absent from the centre for one month. Glen Vowell will be the first point of call.

The Vancouver I. Junior Band, of fourteen pieces, made its first appearance in the No. 1 Citadel, Thursday, April 23rd, and acquitted itself well.

It is proposed to do some extensive alterations to the interior and exterior of the Victoria Hall. Adjutant Bloss, the Financial Secretary, is meeting with a ready response.

New Westminster's new Citadel will be ready for opening early in June. Adjutant Gosling and comrades have great faith for the future. Last Sunday, the new Band of eight pieces, enlivened the day's proceedings.

The P. O., with Mrs. Morris, spent Good Friday, afternoon and night, at Vancouver I., and Easter Sunday at No. 1. Excellent meetings. Nine souls at the mercy seat at No. 1.

Self-Denial has been taken up with excellent spirit by the Officers and Soldiers, and notwithstanding the general cry of "hard times," one and all are in for victory.

Easter War Crys went well; the Province increasing its order about four times its ordinary circulation, and could have boomed another 1,250 Crys if its order could have been filled.

A large crowd gathered at the wedding of Adjutant Thomas Bloss and Ensign Lloyd, at No. 1, and it is generally said the service was excellent. To the newly wedded couple, we extend best wishes.

Lethbridge has sent and paid for a number of new instruments. The Revival fire is burning there.

Staff-Captain Hayes, at present in Rochester, Minn., is convalescing rapidly, after her serious operation.

FOURTEEN SOULS AT TRURO.

Ensign Ash Has a Good Time.

We have just spent one of the best week-ends that has been enjoyed here for some time. A few days ago, Adjutant Carter conducted a lively open-air meeting. This impressed the people very much, and when the G. B. M. man came around (Ensign Ash) we reached the climax and were all dancing happy, especially when the eighth soul knelt at the mercy seat and cried for pardon. On Monday night, the lantern service "Rhoda" was enjoyed by a nice audience, and as the slides were thrown upon the canvas, there was many a tear-dimmed eye. The Ensign is not only a fine Special, but his song, music, and smiles, are all that could be desired.

On Tuesday night God showed His mighty power, and set six more captive souls at liberty. This makes a total of fourteen for the week-end.—J. W. Beeroff.

God is blessing us at Botwoodville. Captain Collins is away visiting Outposts a good deal, but fear Mrs. Collins leads us on during his absence.

On March 22nd, we had the joy of seeing three souls come to Christ. On Friday two backsliders returned.

Adjutant Thomas Bloss and Ensign Agnes Lloyd Happily United at Vancouver.

THE S. A. Citadel, Vancouver, on the evening of April 15th, presented a pleasing scene, with the spacious Hall filled, and suitably decorated with palms and flags.

The echoes of the "Wedding March" played ably by The S. A. Silver Band, had scarcely died away when Major Morris, stepped into the Hall amidst hearty and deafening salutations.

We do not purpose to detail the proceedings from beginning to end, but it is said by general verdict that the service was one of the very best, from every standpoint, that has ever taken place in British Columbia.

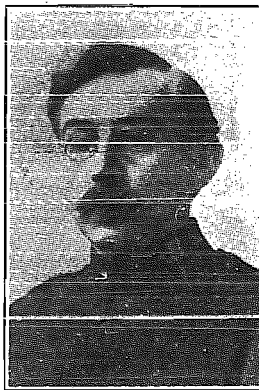
Preliminary proceedings were taken part in by Mrs. Brigadier Turner, Mrs. Major Creighton, and Mrs. Major Morris. Major Creighton gave us an able Bible reading. Mrs. Captain Johnstone and Cadet Wright sang a sweet duet.

The ceremony itself was impressive—there was no uncertain sound in the "I wills" When the Provincial Officer had given his benediction at the close of the ceremony, Adjutant Wakefield prayed fervently.

After being declared to be "continual comrades in this war," of course, the telegrams were read. These came from Brigadier Smeaton, Chicago; Adjutant and Mrs. Bloss, Montreal; Captain Hurd, Montreal; Staff

pledging herself afresh for service under the Flag, and the Adjutant did likewise, incidentally thanking one and all for their kindness and goodwill.

Many throughout Canada will join with the people of Vancouver, doubt-



Adjutant T. Bloss.

less, in wishing Adjutant and Mrs. Thomas Bloss God's blessing.

A local paper contains the following reference to the event:—

"Adjutant Thomas Bloss, Financial Secretary of The Salvation Army for British Columbia, and Ensign Agnes Lloyd, of the local Corps, and formerly of Vernon, were married at The Salvation Army Barracks last evening. The ceremony was performed by Major Morris at 9 o'clock, and was preceded by the usual marriage service.

The happy event was graced by the presence of many friends of the contracting parties. Many were the congratulatory expressions and speeches. In addition to these there were telegrams of congratulation and felicitation from all parts of Canada and the United States, where friends of Adjutant Bloss reside.

The bride and groom wore their Army uniforms during the service. These were bedecked with white sashes. Captain Hannah Knudson, of Victoria, made a very pretty bridesmaid, and the best man was Mr. William Wakefield, son of Adjutant Wakefield. Little Ivy Collier, daughter of Staff-Captain Collier, made a winsome flower girl, in a dress of white with sash to match.

That the happy couple are held in high esteem, was evidenced by the many beautiful presents that they received. Amongst these were a number from the Officers of the Vancouver Corps. Adjutant and Mrs. Bloss left to-day, for a short visit with friends at Victoria and other places on Vancouver Island. Returning, they will take up their residence on Jackson Avenue.

On Sunday afternoon, all the Locals of Twillingate were commissioned by Adjutant Ogilvie, when a goodly number took their stand. We are still fighting on 'neath the Yellow, Red and Blue. The Lord is with us, and we know we shall conquer.—Archibald Anstey.

At the Sunday holiness meeting at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., one dear man threw away his pipe and tobacco, and knelt at the mercy seat for deliverance from the smoking habit. We had a wonderful time at night, and had the joy of seeing nine precious souls at the cross.—C. A., for Ensign and Mrs. Plant.

Commissioner Kilbey's Dream Realised—A Judge's Enslavement.

Commissioner Kilbey recently conducted the opening of a new Citadel in Chicago, which is described as The Army's leading property in the Western States of America. The ceremony was very successful.

Commissioner Kilbey said: "If any comrade here has a right to be happy, I am that man. This thing has been on my mind for over a year; it has kept me awake; I have dreamed about it and I have sweat about it—but here it is! Praise God from whom all blessings flow! It is the best, most complete and practical building on the West Side."

In connection with the opening Judge Newcomer, of the Chicago Municipal Court said:

"I know something of the practical work of The Salvation Army, not by hearsay, but from observation. I have watched it in Chicago for ten or eleven years. From my work in the Criminal Courts of this city I know something of the needs of our city."

"Did you ever think that with every blessing, private or public, there comes a corresponding responsibility?"

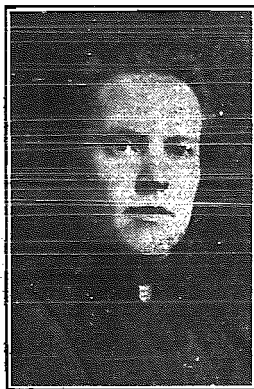
We have got a wonderful city—a marvel of the twentieth century. It is only seventy-one years since we put off our infant clothes. Already we have two millions in population, and four hundred miles of paved streets. Fifteen hundred passenger trains pass in and out of this city daily. There are people already born who will see Chicago have six to eight millions of people.

Judge's Appreciation of Army's Co-Operation.

"Sixteen months ago I was appointed to the famous Harrison Street Police Station. You may have heard of it. They say there is a greater variety of odors there than there is anywhere outside of the Stockyards. I know we have got the greatest variety of colour, nationality and crime in the world."

"About one year ago a Salvation Army Officer, Brigadier McMillan, came to me and said: 'Can I help you in any way? I do not want it known. I don't want any advertising, but I would like to help you if I can.' That went to my heart. That man did not know the impression he made on my heart. To think that he wanted to help me with the people I have to deal with, and not have it known! I have boys and girls brought to me, and I am often in a corner and at my wits' end. Since then I have often called on my friend the Brigadier to help me with special cases, and he has never failed me."

"The essence of true religion is unselfishness. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' That verse has more religion in it than any other verse I ever saw. It ought to be hung on every church door in the land. Your unselfish methods are the evidence of your religion. You dive down into the slums of society, and go all lengths to help the wretched. We must be practical in order to elevate humanity, morally or intellectually. We can only influence the life through the mind. Every act starts in the mind. It is a true philosophy that says: 'Sow a thought, reap an act; sow an act, reap a habit.'"



Mrs. T. Bloss.

Captain Hayes, Rochester, Minn.; and Brigadier Burditt and Staff.

We wish we had a verbatim report of the speeches—it will suffice to say that the following celebrities made them—Adjutant Gosling, Adjutant McCann, Staff-Captain Collier, Brother Adair, who has just returned from England, Captain Knudson, who was bridesmaid, and Bandsman W. Wakefield, best man. We laughed and cried by turns. To say the least, they were all specially inspired.

Before Adjutant and Mrs. Bloss spoke, Major Morris paid a very high tribute to both of them—concerning the splendid work done by Mrs. Bloss at Vernon, and the excellent little Corps The Army has there, largely through her efforts, and the help of the Adjutant on the Financial Work, and the consistent service he had rendered The Army for many years. Mrs. Bloss then replied suitably,

a character; sow a character, reap a destiny.'

"We must carry sympathy and help for the physical man if we hope to reach his mind. A lady was once complaining of her husband to a neighbour. She said he was inattentive, ungrateful, cross. 'I don't know what to do with him.' 'Well,' mentioned the neighbour, 'If I were you I would use more honey.' I have noticed that The Salvation Army always carries an inexhaustible supply of honey as it goes among the people. I have seen your hotels and homes for the unfortunate. My desire and prayer is that your work in this city shall go on and on and on, until every element of society has been touched by your spirit and faith. You have the best wishes of every good man and woman."

BAND NOTES.

The New Aberdeen Band gave a grand musical festival at Easter time. Rev. Mr. Boyce was in the chair. Deputy Bandmaster Ratcliffe arranged the programme, and it was a great success. Ice Cream was served at the close.

The Saskatoon Band is doing well. Bandmaster Coleman is working hard to bring it up to a state of efficiency. They went on the street for the first time on Good Friday. On Easter Sunday they went out three times, and great crowds gathered to hear them. Bandsman East, from Montreal and Bandsman Causey, from Winnipeg, have been welcomed. We now have thirteen players.

On a recent Thursday night the Vancouver I. Band gave a musical concert. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, a good audience was in attendance, and the programme, which was one of the best ever given, was greatly appreciated. The Easter and "Shepherd" selections, as well as various quartettes, solos, etc., were rendered during the evening. Another special feature was the introducing of the Junior Brass Band to the public, by Staff-Captain Collier, who acted in the capacity of chairman.

Two pieces of music were rendered by the Juniors, and great praise is due to the boys, as well as to the Band Instructor, M. Fuller, who has taken upon himself the responsibility of the teaching of the Band.—Band Correspondent, Frederick Stride.

TWO OLD WARRIORS.

One is 78, and the Other 67.

We are having good times at Cebeurg, with Captain Smith in command. On Sunday afternoon we welcomed Bandmaster and Sister Davies, and Brother and Sister Percy, from the Old Country. They are all real Army fighting Soldiers, and we feel sure that they will be a great blessing and help to the Cobourg Corps. In the meeting we had a duet sung by two of the oldest Soldiers of the Corps—Mother Beare, who is seventy-eight years old, and Dad Layton, who is sixty-seven years old. They sang "There shall be Showers of Blessing." They have fought side by side for a considerable length of time in The Army Corps here, and both testify that God does hear and answer prayer.

Sister Davies is a Junior Worker, and just the person that the Corps wanted. Brother Cork has just arrived from the Old Country too.—W. H. Wilson.

Commissioner Macalonan.

The Territorial Commissioner of Switzerland.

ON our front page we publish the portraits of Commissioner and Mrs. Macalonan, who are in charge of The Army's operations in Switzerland. In that beautiful country, which has been termed the "playground of Europe," The Army has a splendid hold. It has 218 Corps and Outposts, and nine Social Institutions, although the population is not three and a-half millions. It is twenty-seven years ago since The Army opened fire in Switzerland, and in the early days, the Officers were bitterly persecuted by the Catholic element, and fines, and exile, and cruel beatings were all experienced by the pioneers; but high courage and determination conquered, and to-day, The Army holds a high position in the estimation of the governing authorities and the public generally.

The prospects and general prosperity of The Army in that country were

never more encouraging than at the present time—the past year having witnessed distinct advances.

Commissioner Macalonan has been an Officer for twenty-six years, during which time he has held some very high and varied appointments. In addition to being a Field and Divisional Officer, he was, for seven years, Secretary for Trade affairs; subsequently, Chief Secretary, under Commissioner Coombs, for Great Britain. He has been Assistant Foreign Secretary, and Territorial Commander for Sweden. As may be imagined, from the different positions he has occupied with distinguished ability, he is a man of many parts.

Mrs. Macalonan, also, when Captain Askew, served with considerable success in the Field.

One of Commissioner Macalonan's mental recreations is writing poetry. Of the excellency of his poetical efforts, our readers can judge from the following:—

MY GIFT.

By Commissioner Macalonan.

I brought my gift to the altar
And I cast it on with pride;
It had cost a fearful struggle,
But I was not satisfied.
When I saw the people offer
The gifts which, to me, seemed

small,
And I felt a chance was given
For mine to be seen by all,
So, above the rest I placed it,
And before them all, I cried
For a sign of God's acceptance
That I might be glorified.
While the people all stood wondering,
And with amazement dumb,
I, in louder tone, demanded,
That the fire should quickly come.

"He will surely come and seal it,
'Tis a gift of worth," I said,
"Such as seldom here is offered."
With dismay, I saw instead,
My gift in the ashes scattered;
In place of the praise I sought,
In the sight of all the people
Confusion on me was brought.
The cause of this sign of anger
I waited not to enquire,
But, gathering the pieces quickly,
I fled, with a heart on fire,
Away from the crowd there gathered,
Far off to a lonely place,
Where, brimful of indignation,
I tried to review my case.

To offer was not of my choosing,
I had rather retained mine own;
'Twas He in His law who commanded
That all men should bow at His throne.

I came, then, to do but His bidding,
I brought Him a gift of my best;
'Twas right then, that He should have honoured
The gift which I offered Him.

A gift far exceeding the rest,
In future, His law I regard not,
His right to my gifts I deny—
My own is my own! Hearken Heaven!
'Tis thus, I, Jehovah defy.

"Oh, mortal, so weak and so foolish,
Much better by far side thy face
In the clay whence thou camest and
gost

When here thou has run thy short
race,
Thine own! then, thine own is but
nothing.

For what hast thou not to thee
given?
No gift, but thine all He desireth."
I heard like an echo from Heaven,
"He hears every sigh of the humble,
No matter how sinful they are;
But this thou has sadly forgotten,
The proud, only seek afar."

I brought my gift to the altar,
And placed it there with care;
I would He should have the glory,
No portion I sought to share.
I carried it, oh, so meekly,

And, trembling, I laid it low,
Just where His own eye might see it,
Where no other gift could go.
And a prayer I dared to utter,
I sighed out my heart's deep need,
I dared not ask that through Jesus,
Who liveth to Intercede,
There should be an indication
Of His anger turned aside.
That my gift might be accepted,
"No, its worth! Thy grace!" I
cried.

Then the skies were opened above
me,
And in lowliness I bowed;
I thought 'twas the fire from Heaven,
But an angel-voice rang loud:
"If thou bringest thy gift to the altar,
And when offering, rememberest
That thy brother hath somewhat
against thee,
Go thy way, seek thy brother with
care;
Leave thy gift before God at the altar,
Till thy brother thou hast recon-
ciled.
Then, returning, put up thy petition,
And offer thy gift undefiled."

Like a flash the truth broke on me—
I remembered how years before
A breach with a comrade had risen;
Time had widened it more and
more.

The quarrel was not of my seeking,
The blame rested not upon me,
But "thy brother hath somewhat
against thee,
And thy offering accepted shall be
When thou comest with peace to the
altar.
Having buried for ever in blood
All the 'ought against thee' of thy
brother,
Thine acceptance is certain with
God."

I rose from before His altar.
I sought through the haunts of men,
Till I found my injured brother,
And was reconciled again.
And the feud, not dead though bur-
ied,
Was slain as we knelt in prayer,
And as we hoped for forgiveness,
We forgave each other there.

Then once again at the altar
I prayed to the Father above,
And the fire—not the fire of anger,
But the fire—the sign of His love,
It fell to consume my offering,
As I knelt on the naked sod:
'Twas myself that the flame encircled,
'Twas I was wrapped in the flame of God.

"If thou bring thy gift to the altar
and then rememberest that thy brother
has ought against thee, leave there
thy gift before the altar and so thy
way, first be reconciled to thy brother,
and then come and offer thy gift."
—Matthew v. 23, 24.

Personalia.

Shortly before Staff-Captain Hay farwelled from Vancouver, she he what was termed an "original meeting, to encourage the Soldiers give their testimony in verses of the own composing. A friend sends the following, as a sample of some the testimonies heard that night.

"It was in The Army Barracks when I gave my heart to God,
And my life has been a happy one since in His paths I've trod."

We suggest the plan to other F. O. and invite them to send the verses their Soldiers to the War Cry.

The Haag Dagblad, speaking of The General, says: "He is a loving personality, full of humour and youthfulness; a seer when he is talking, as comprehending the whole Army. An idealist, who is still hoping to do much for God and humanity. A man of practice, a man who has already done very, very much for them. Doesn't The Army work with success in fifty-four countries, valued by everyone who knows of it? And who we hear the veteran conclude: 'O if we could but teach the people love God, what a beautiful world should have!' then we wish him, from the bottom of our heart, much success in his endeavours—many, many years, William Booth, for God and humanity."

We hear that Mrs. Ensign James in the Hospital at St. John. The doctors say her case is serious. We all our readers pray for her.

BAND SUNDAY AT BRANTFORD

They Appear in Their New Uniform

The Brantford Corps has had a very active and successful week-end. The "Expositor" speaks as follows concerning the meetings: "At 10 a.m. the Band, under Adjutant Gilliam, held an open-air meeting on Balfour St. West Brantford, and the neighbourhood was cheered by the Band, as helped spiritually by testimony and song. At the same time the Soldiers held a meeting on Oxford Street, under that talented organiser, Sergeant Major White. Just before eleven the Band and Soldiers united in a grand march to the Barracks. The procession was more attractive than usual by reason of the Band wearing new uniforms. At 6 p.m. a very large open-air ring was formed on the Market Square. The Band again delighted the listeners as usual. Sergeant Leader Mrs. Johnson sang with much pathos, and a good time was spent."

The procession to Victoria Hall was very large. At 7 the inside meeting was taken by the Band, led by Bandmaster Nock in splendid style. Bandsmen Sly, Godden, Tindall, and Smith addressed the audience, and quartette by Brigade Sergeant Smith, Cadet Lizzie Nock, and Bandsman Godden and Smith charmed the audience with their harmonious singing. excellent spirit pervaded the proceedings, the meeting proving a great success."

Captain McKim recently visited Sydney Mines N.S. We had a splendid meeting, and one backslider returned to God. A Junior demonstration was given during the week, and the attendance and finances were good. Officers deserve great praise for their painstaking efforts in teaching children.—Happy Jim.

THE WAR CRY.

PRINTED for Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert St., Toronto.

All communications to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S.A. Temple, Toronto. All matters referring to subscriptions, deposits and change of address, to the Trade Secretary. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

The annual subscription for the War Cry is as follows: One dollar to all post offices in Ontario to Fort William. West of this, and in the United States, two dollars.

GAZETTE.

Marriage.
LIEUT.-COLONEL SAMUEL REES, REES, out of Borthyr, Wales, 7,3,79; now Provincial Officer, Newfoundland, to **STAFF-CAPTAIN ETHEL KERR**, out of Ottawa, 9,9,90; last stationed at Grace Hospital, Winnipeg; on April 27th, 1908, at the Massey Hall, Toronto, by Commissioner Coombs.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
 Commissioner.

Wanted, Button-Holers

There is no nobler object in life than to rescue souls from the doom pronounced upon all those who do wickedly and forget God; and this is the work that all can engage in, no matter what circumstances in life one may be in, and what lack of natural or acquired gifts one may experience. "I can't speak on the platform at all," said a convert recently, "but when I get hold of a clasp by the button-hole, I can talk like a white-hot iron." Well, that's the position to get him in. Get hold of him or her by the button-hole, for the one at those quarters has a great advantage over the man who has only a long range to operate on. Button-holing can be carried on almost at any time, and in any place. In the yard, or shop, during the dinner hour, in the home, in the factory, in conversation with one's neighbours. The Gospel of Christ can be talked of with very great effect.

The Salvation Army wants more of this kind of fighting—not only in public testimonies, or fishing in prayer meetings, but in the course of daily work.

Are you a button-holer? Do you lead personally with people about their immortal souls? If not, do so, and you will find that not only will it bring great joy to your own soul, but in that great Day when every man's work will be tried by fire, it will be found that you will come receiving, bearing precious sheaves.

HAMILTON I.

We are now informed that Hamilton had not been credited with a hundred dollars collected by others, which should have been allocated to that Corps. This brings Hamilton I., at., up to \$519.00; still in the rear of Hamilton, Bermuda, with \$530.00 to its credit.

High River.—We have said goodbye to Lieutenant McFadden and sister Bullock. The Lieutenant has been holding on while the Officers have been away collecting for Self-denial, and during her short stay, things have been stirred up.

We wish them God's richest blessings in their new appointment.—A. S.

The General

Addresses Three Magnificent Audiences in the Clapton Congress Hall,

THRILLING THE VAST AND CROWDED AMPHITHEATRE—GLORIOUS PROCESSION OF 274 SEEKERS.

It was a Good Friday indeed! And yet there was little that was human about it, so far as outward manifestations went.

It is true that the singing was powerful, the truth piercing, the attention riveted, and the march of the 274 men and women to the mercy seat overwhelming.

Still, it was not these things that struck me so much as a feeling that the atmosphere seemed to be charged as it were, with spiritual electricity, and that God was everywhere about us and in every heart.

Whatever follows, I shall always believe that in a wonderful manner, the Spirit of the God-Man who died for us two thousand years ago, was with us in mighty power in the Congress Hall on that memorable Good Friday!

WILLIAM BOOTH.

MAGNIFICENT audiences filled the great Congress Hall three times during the day, and a remarkable degree of enthusiasm was evinced. At no time during the day was there a vacant seat to be found in the mighty amphitheatre. Indeed, on each occasion, scores of people could be seen standing, while the night meeting, which lasted three hours and three-quarters, produced such a crush, that half an hour before our Leader arrived, the gates had to be shut in the face of a clamouring crowd extending part way down Linscott Road, and the doleful cry of "No room!" regretfully raised.

But huge as the crowds were, The General's power and influence were such that not a man or woman amongst them failed to experience an electric thrill as our venerated Leader rose to address them. The Hall rose in a body to welcome him, and veterans who had grown grey in the service, vicar with the most youthful and enthusiastic Cadet in this spontaneous burst of welcome.

A RIGHT BEGINNING.

The General, at the outset of the Campaign, went straight to business. "When it was decided that I should come here, to-day," he said, "I settled that we should have a Day of Salvation. I hope we are going to have one. Let us begin right away."

The faith which inspired such an utterance, as well as the effort which succeeded it, was rewarded at the finish of the Campaign by the glorious result of 274 seekers kneeling at the penitent form! It was a day of "signs and wonders." Each succeeding meeting seemed to surpass in power and results, all that had gone before, until the night gathering produced a mighty crash of salvation.

The General was in great form. His voice, though betraying slight evidences of wear at first, increased in volume and carrying power as he warmed to his subject, and as the day advanced and successive demands were made upon his energies, he rose to meet them with a lionlike vigour which surprised even those accustomed to witnessing our Leader's finest efforts.

The theme of the Cross ran through all The General's preaching—"an old, familiar theme, the most favourite theme I have, which always moves and fills my soul." With these thousands of men and women before him, their souls resting in the bal-

ance, silence on the subject of sin and salvation would, The General felt, be criminal. And so, with conscience-smiting directness, softened by tender appeals, he lashed out against wrongdoing of every kind, branding it by one name—sin—and offering the one remedy of the Cross.

VAINLY TRYING TO ENTER.

In the morning meeting The General tried to suggest the infinite sweep represented in Christ's descent from the majesty of the skies to the humiliation of the cross. "And yet," he cried, "when we ask men to give themselves to God they falter. They turn blue!" The sublime tragedy and cruel irony of Calvary, and the grim mockery of the final scene were so powerfully felt by The General that, vivid and graphic as his descriptions were, he confessed, "I can't trust myself to talk about it." "There is no meaning in it," he said in a later passage, "unless you take hold of it. It was for me. You are safe there. Hold on to it!"

And so in the afternoon, when speaking of the uttermost range of salvation, he cried, "He is almighty to damn; He is almighty to save! I'm glad I've got such an Almighty Saviour!"

At a quarter to six at night every seat in the Hall was occupied. At six o'clock people were standing three deep at the back. The doors had to be closed and a portion of the outside crowd accommodated in the Temple at the rear for an overflow meeting. Hundreds more stood outside the gates vainly endeavouring to squeeze inside.

Delay in starting the meeting being useless, Commissioner Hay, at six o'clock—half an hour before the time announced—got over the "preliminaries," including the collection, so as to allow more time to The General.

Before half-past six, therefore, our Leader was well into his address. He spoke for an hour and a quarter with marvellous power, fervour and conviction. "What shall I say?" he asked, conscious of the enormous issues at stake. "I'm going to have a hard pull for you to-night. I want to make a closing attack."

Feeling with increasing urgency the burden of souls, The General broke off suddenly in the middle of his address, and with face uplifted to Heaven, eyes closed, and hands clenched, he pleaded, "Oh, Thou great and Holy Spirit, help me in these closing words! This is Thy day, and

I want these people to be saved on Thy day."

Among the 274 seekers there were some striking cases. Two were Jews. One of these became acquainted with some Salvationists about a month ago and was so impressed with their godly living that he decided to give up drink. He came with them to hear The General, whose words went straight to his heart. He had never studied religion, he said, but he could not resist the conviction.

A middle-aged man confessed to having come under The General's influence during the time of his first motor tour through Manchester. He had been travelling about ever since trying to shake off conviction, but was forced at last to submit.

A girl of seventeen, who has been a Soldier for some months, is the only one saved in her family. She has seven brothers and sisters, who destroyed her "War Cry" and burned her uniform. She wore her shield at her work, where she encountered further opposition, the other girls mocking and ill-treating her. A fortnight ago she gave up. "But to-day she got right again, and, in addition to pledging herself once more to Army Soldiership, has offered herself as an Officer."

LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE AT THE TEMPLE.

Memorial Service for Alec. Vickers.

We had Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire with us for the Sunday meetings, and God wonderfully blessed us. In the holiness meeting the presence of God was felt, and at the end of the Colonel's talk on the necessity of being crucified with Christ and dying daily to ourselves, six comrades knelt at the mercy seat and reconsecrated themselves to God.

The afternoon meeting was largely of a musical nature, and we were pleased to welcome Captain McGrath for the day. The love of God was the Colonel's theme, and two souls sought salvation.

The night meeting took the form of a memorial service for Alec. Vickers, one of our Juniors who was promoted to Glory on Tuesday night. The Band and Songsters rendered appropriate music. A well-fought prayer meeting resulted in ten souls at the cross.—Nemo.

TWENTY SEEK PARDON.

On Sunday, April 10th, we had a day of great blessing to our souls at St. John's I. The holiness meeting was conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Rees, assisted by the Provincial Staff. The afternoon and night meeting was led by Adjutant Smith. We had a good time, and finished up with six souls crying for pardon.

On Easter Sunday Adjutant and Mrs. Barr conducted the meetings all day. We started in fine form at 7 a.m., by the Band heading the march around the city. We had good meetings all day, and had the great pleasure of seeing fourteen precious souls seeking God.—Corps Cor.

GENERAL SECRETARY AT MIDLAND.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin were at Midland for the week-end, and had a most enjoyable and successful time. Good crowds attended the meetings, and finances were excellent. A number volunteered for salvation, and there was great enthusiasm manifested.

A FULL PROGRAMME.

The Eastern P. O. Kept Busy at St. Stephen.

(By Wire.)

Brigadier Turner, accompanied by Adjutant and Mrs. Carter, visited St. Stephen for the week ending May 3rd. A programme of meetings was arranged, and carried out as follows:—

On Saturday night a public salvation meeting was held in The Army Hall. On Sunday morning the Brigadier preached in the Methodist Church, while Adjutant Carter occupied the Baptist pulpit. In the afternoon the Brigadier gave an address in the Baptist Church on the Work of The Army. Mayor Grimmer presided. At seven p. m. the Brigadier in the Presbyterian Church, and at 8 p. m., he conducted a salvation meeting in our own Hall.

The meetings were all well attended, and the people received the straight truth. The singing of Adjutant and Mrs. Carter was much enjoyed. Income over \$20.00.—J. Basileghwalte, Captain.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. BURDITT VISIT CALGARY.

We have just had a visit from Brigadier and Mrs. Burditt at Calgary. On Saturday night a welcome meeting was held; a good crowd came, and two souls sought salvation.

On Sunday night the Citadel was packed, and while the Brigadier talked, tears were running down the cheeks of more than one, yet there was only one yielded.

On Monday Staff-Captain Coombs accompanied the Brigadier to do a special meeting at Wetaskiwin, and Mrs. Burditt and Mrs. Coombs did a special meeting here. It turned out a very stormy night for "Sunny Alberta," still, the small Hall was nicely filled, and ten souls sought salvation.—May Jackson, Corps Cor.

BRIGADIER POTTER AT PETERBOROUGH.

Brigadier Scott-Potter paid a visit to Peterborough for the week ending May 3rd. He was enthusiastically welcomed on Saturday night, by a large crowd.

On Sunday afternoon he lectured on The Army Work in Japan. He spoke at night on the one word, "Remember," and six penitents came forward.

The Band and Songsters rendered good service all day.—C. Harrison, for Staff-Captain Goodwin.

God is keeping His Soldiers fighting at Gooseberry Island. During the Winter months we have worked and toiled hard for the salvation of precious souls. Thank God we have and the joy of seeing a few converted. Sunday was a blessed day to our souls. In the night meeting we were shouting and dancing nearly the whole meeting through. God's Spirit was present, and when the invitation was given, one dear brother who had been a backslider for three years, rose up, came to the penitent form, and gave himself fully to God.—R. J. Wells.

Since our last report from Trout River, we have had splendid times. On Sunday last we had good meetings all day, and at the close we could rejoice over two souls at the mercy seat. They got gloriously saved. We had three altogether for the week. Captain Wells is still leading us on. William Payne.

A LIGHT IN THE NIGHT.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

A Striking Article Written for the British War Cry, but as Necessary in Canada.

IT was the evening of Good Friday.

I had spent an arduous day, praying, thinking, pleading for and with the crowds, and Jesus Christ on His cross of suffering and shame had been my theme. His silence, His speech, His spirit, His obedience, His faith, His consecration, His patient walk to Calvary, His suffering, His prayer—that immortal prayer—for those who slew Him, His last words of resignation and triumph—all this I had been thinking about and talking about hour after hour as the sacred day passed on. My own heart was tender, and my spirit lifted up to glory in my Lord and Master.

And then came the recollection of Candidate's Sunday, and I remembered how many of our Young People throughout the land will on that day be brought up to consider the question of their duty in the matter of Officership in The Salvation Army.

What Will They Do?

As I thought about them, I saw them—a great host. Every class of life and type of character and condition of soul was represented in the multitude which arose before my mental vision. These who have been nurtured amid the influences of God's grace, and who are to-day wrapped round with the holy prayer and faith of mothers and fathers who follow Christ. Those who have struggled to serve God in spite of every obstacle which the world and the devil could put in their way. Those who have been snatched from the fire as brands ready for the burning. Those who are filled with love and zeal, and those who are cold and careless, or who do not yet see how great a thing life is, and how vast are its opportunities.

All these—and many more—I saw, and they seemed grouped together in one great gathering, and a sense of some tremendous event came over me. I thought and considered what it could be, and while I thought, it appeared as though the attention of my dear young comrades was fixed upon some distant object. And when I looked and considered, then, in my vision, it seemed as though we were all carried back to some strange and yet familiar spot. I knew it, and yet I did not know it. I was sure that I must have seen it before, and yet at first I did not recognise it.

But presently I understood the meaning of this strange experience. This great host of Young People were standing at the Foot of Mount Calvary, and together we were watching our Saviour die!

Ah! I thought, what will they do?—What will they do now? And I waited.

And as I waited I looked first at HIM. Ah! I think that I understood just then the meaning of His dying as I have never understood it before. It was a sacrament to my soul—a call to all that is highest in my nature—a light Divine upon my path! He seemed to say to me with every circumstance of His agony—"I do this for you, but I do it for ALL. Can you not go and tell them, or must I die in vain?" and by the blood-

smear'd brow, and the torn and broken hands, and the wounded and bleeding feet of my God, there came forth a call, an urging, a wonderful compelling to go and carry the News of Mercy to all the world.

Before The Cross.

And then I looked at my precious Young People! It was a glorious spectacle which met my eyes! They were kneeling—kneeling before that Cross. Many strove to come very near to it. Many bowed down just where they had been standing. Many seemed as though they would like to have died with Him there and then for His great love to them. It was indeed, a heavenly vision.

And then a wonderful thing happened.

All at once they began to leap to their feet. First one by one, and then in scores, and soon in hundreds. As they did so, gradually a murmur of voices rose above the surrounding noise, and mingled with sobs and prayers, there were shouts of victory and joy.

My curiosity was aroused, and as quickly as possible I stopped the first young man I could lay hold of. "What is it?" I said; "what has happened?" "Oh Chief," he replied, "I shall go. I shall go. After looking at that Cross I cannot think any more about keeping shop or making money. I shall leave it all and give my life up for HIM. He has conquered."

For His Sake.

Next I seized the hand of a girl who looked about nineteen years of age. She was singing—

"All the way to Calvary
He went for me."

Tears were streaming down her face and yet there was a light of joy in every feature.

"What are you going to do?" I said. "Do?" she answered. "Do, Chief? Oh, I'm going to do my very best for HIM! I am so glad I have something to give HIM—it is my life. I have just laid it at His feet—every day and hour are His now—His alone, who bought me with His blood upon that tree. I do not care where they send me, or whether I live or whether I die—I am not my own—I am His."

Near her was another young woman, with striking form and beautiful eyes; she was in deep agitation. I asked her whence all this. She said: "Oh, Chief, He is worthy—He is worthy! I love my dear old Mother, and she needs me often, and in the past my heart has been too sore at the thought of leaving her even for the sake of souls. But, Oh, when I look at HIM—then I love HIM more than Mother or Father, or Friends and Home. He wants me, even me, to go after the lost for whom He died, and I'm going."

"O Saviour," she cried, turning towards the place where the three crosses stood. "I give my dear Mother to Thee, and leave her for Thy dear sake," and she began to sing.

Quietness and Assurance.

Just then a young man passed me crying out, "I hear His voice." I followed him and asked him what it

meant. He stopped, and under the darkened skies looked at me and shaking his head, he said, "Why, Chief, I have been listening to the calls of the world, to the calls of pleasure, to the calls of future power, and station, and wealth, and to the voices of friendship and love, and I have almost forgotten my Saviour, but now, above them all I can hear HIM. He has just been calling to me to be His witness, His messenger. And Oh, that Cross, I can never forget it—I can never disobey it—I can never go back on it any more! I have heard His voice and I'll obey."

"That's my call!" he went on—"that dying Man, I am ashamed I have delayed so long. I don't want any more pleading or explaining, or promising about future prospects—that cross is enough for me!"

And so, one after another they told the same story, the same grand story of hearts given up to the Great Heart of Jesus, of earthly joys and possessions consecrated to His Love, and young lives placed at His command. On every countenance there was a light of confidence, and in every voice a note of determination. Oh, how my heart rejoiced when I thought of the gaps in the ranks of our Officers in every land being filled—and then in my joy the vision ended.

Oh, What ought you to do?
Whatever it is, do it for His sake,
And do it now!

BRAMWELL BOOTH.

A CONTINENTAL SESSION.

Thirty Staff Officers for Clapton Staff Lodge.

About thirty Continental Officers are to enter the Staff Lodge at Clapton for a special Session in May. The names of these comrades and the countries they represent are as follows:

Sweden, Majors Rosendahl, Noren, Frylen, and Fablesen, and Staff-Capt. Kabnlund; Finland, Staff-Captains Jansson and Rnnndell; Norway, Majors Tandberg and Meeg-Anderson, and Staff-Captains Halvorsen and A. Pedersen; France and Belgium, Staff-Captains Rogivue and Ruschmann, and Adjutant Metzger; Switzerland, Brigadier Chatelain and Adjutants Isely and Hanswirth; Denmark, Majors Bolsen and Olsen; Holland, Brigadier Gugelmann, Staff-Captain Sypkens, and Adjutant Mastie; Germany, Majors Tebbe, Dreisbach and Bissmeyer, Staff-Captain Saak and Adjutant Tebbe.

They will be followed in June by a session of American Divisional Officers, whose names we hope to announce in a later issue.

BRIGADIER HARGRAVE VISITS BELLEVILLE.

We have been favoured this week-end with a visit from Brigadier Hargrave. On Saturday, in the Citadel he led an overflowing Free and Easy. God came very near and two souls sought forgiveness.

On Sunday morning the Brigadier conducted a meeting in the County Jail. The holiness meeting was a time of blessing and inspiration.

At night the Brigadier gave a powerful address to a full house. He was listened to with marked interest, and one soul found salvation. The Band and Songsters took a prominent part in the meetings.—Secretary, Laing.

The Week-End's Despatches

A GLORIOUS WEEK-END.

A FORWARD MOVEMENT.

SAVED FROM DRINK.

Some Splendid Reports are to be Found on This Page.

VISITORS FROM GUELPH AND GALT.

On Easter Sunday the meetings at Hespeler were in charge of Ensign and Mrs. Dawson, of Guelph, who drove down to assist us for the day. God came very near us and we had a blessed day of old-time blood and fire salvationism. The open-air services drew a good crowd. Mrs. Dawson's talks and Corps-Cadet Nellie Dawson's songs were greatly appreciated in the open-air. Our hearts were stirred, and we were all given a spiritual uplift, for which we thank God.

The Galt "Reporter" commented very favourably upon the meetings. Our comrades will always be sure of a hearty welcome when they return.

On Monday night, Mrs. Adjutant Walker brought the String Band over to Preston, our Outpost, for an open-air. The music of the Galt comrades was much appreciated, and helped stir up the open-air work in this place.—Corps Cor.

THE VISITOR GOT SAVED.

Since Captains Bunton and Matjer visited Wallaceburg, we have been rejoicing over souls. At our Young People's salvation meeting we had the joy of seeing one girl come out boldly to the mercy seat and obtain salvation. She comes along to the meetings, and desires to become a Soldier. These are the kind we like.

On Easter Sunday Captain Fennacy delivered a powerful address at night, and a man who was on a visit here came out and surrendered his all to God.

Sunday, April 26th, in the afternoon, Sergeant-Major Allen, who has just been commissioned, gave a good plain Gospel talk, and at the conclusion, a sister who was a backslider, gave her heart afresh to God.

We have started knee-drill, and God has blessed us richly at these meetings.—Lieut. J. A. Jones.

AN ILLUSTRATED LECTURE.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sharp, assisted by Staff-Captain Hay and Ensign Riley, visited Forest on April 25th and 26th. On Saturday evening the Colonel gave a very instructive lecture on the Work in Newfoundland, which was greatly enjoyed by a large audience.

The Sunday's meetings were well attended, and the Colonel's talks were very inspiring. On Sunday morning three souls sought the blessing of a clean heart, and on Sunday night, one backslider returned and one soul sought the blessing of sanctification, making a total of five souls for the day. We all say come again, Colonel.—Captain Simpson.

ENJOYABLE SONG SERVICE.

The claims of God are being steadily pushed ahead in Bowmanville, and a great work is being accomplished. The attendance is increasing, and the Soldiers are full of fire.

On Sunday afternoon the song service, "In Danger's Hour," was enjoyed by all present. Sister Wake-lin's solos were much appreciated. At the close of the meeting three precious souls were welcomed into the Kingdom.

Our Converts and young recruits are doing well, as are also the Juniors, and young band boys, under the leadership of Ensign Rock and Brother Barton.—E. M. M.

Good Friday at Vancouver II Corps was a day well spent. A good crowd assembled at the Hall in the afternoon, in spite of the rain, and Major Morris gave an inspiring talk. One sought the blessing of a clean heart. At night the P. O. and his wife were re-inspired by the No. I Band, whose playing was inspiring.

Some comrades from Digby recently visited Smith's Cove and Bay River, under the leadership of Captains McLean and Glikinson, and Lieutenant Eastman. They met in the Advent Church, and many stood to desire the prayers of God's people.—Hanger.

Captain Golden Urging Her Troops On.

We are enjoying an upward and onward movement all along the line in Dresden Corps. We are having good meetings, and many sinners and backsliders are kneeling at the penitent-form. Easter Monday night we had an enrollment service, when eleven recruits were enrolled under the old flag by Adjutant Habbkirk. The musical talent in the Corps is being utilised for God's service in the organisation of a Cornet Band, and the members are making good progress at their practice meetings. The Lord is using Captain Golden in reviving our Corps, which has made phenomenal progress since she took charge a few months ago. The work among the Juniors, too, is making encouraging progress. The attendance is large and regular, and the collections liberal. Captain Golden is respected and appreciated by all, for they realise that the Lord is with her.—F. W. P.

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

Staff-Captain Collier reports an excellent meeting being held in connection with the Vancouver Reformatory. Eleven boys recently found mercy in one of the meetings held by Brother Thompson. The Superintendent is greatly interested in seeing the boys take their stand for God, especially one, who is a lad bard to manage. The Staff-Captain also reports having conducted a meeting in the prison at Victoria with an attendance of sixty-six prisoners. Seven men decided for Christ. Warden Mutter, who is in charge of the institution, is very much interested in the work of The Army.

TWO HOURS AT THE CROSS.

The Good Friday services in St. John, N.B., were led by Brigadier Turner, assisted by the Chancellor and Major Morehen. During the day councils were held for the Local Officers, Soldiers and converts, and they were times of much blessing. A grand united rally took place at night, when all the city Corps met for "two hours at the cross." Three souls sought God. Major Morehen spent the week-end at No. 1, Corps. He gave some good addresses, and three more souls came to God.—E. J. L.

We were glad to have Major Rawling with us for the week-end at Wingham. The Major conducted the Easter services. We got blessed by the early morning march, to which the Band turned out well. The Major's talks were very helpful to us, and we all say, "Come back again, Major, when you can."

Our Soldiers are going in to fight the devil, and to smash their S.D. targets.—Martha.

We can still report victory at South West Arm. Our last report ten souls have been set free.

On Tuesday night God's spirit was felt, and a glorious time was spent in our Soldier's meeting. The Comrades danced for joy. Our numbers are increasing under the noble leadership of Captain Thornhill. The Captain is zealous for souls.—B. E. R. T.

Three Good Cases at Regina.

Things are lively up at Regina and we are now seeing souls saved. On Sunday last there was a case of conversion, the young man turning up at the Soldiers' and Converts' meeting the following Tuesday.

We have had a visit from Lieutenant McFadden and Sister Biddle, who were on their way from the River to Brandon. They were present at the Soldiers' meeting and also one on the following evening. Wednesday's meeting was notable for the fact that after it had been brought to a close and all had gone home except a few of the Soldiers, Corporal Will, Peacock announced that there was a man who wanted to be converted. He was under the influence of drink, but we set to, and had an earnest prayer meeting, with the result that the man after a while professed conversion. It seems that it was at one time an Officer in the Salvation Army, but had gone bad. A few more people had now come, and on the invitation being given by our Captain for those who wanted to get right with God to come forward to the penitent form, a young lady also under the influence of drink accepted the invitation and got pleasantly converted.

We are glad to have our Corps with us once more, after an absence of two weeks. She was accepted most hearty welcome on her return.—E. B.

EASTER AT EDMONTON.

We are officiated at Edmonton Adjutant Scott and Captain Reid and during the past winter months much of the spirit of conversion has been felt in the meetings, and a good number of conversion have taken place. Bandmen, Soldiers and Converts are doing all they can to roll the old chariot along.

On Easter Sunday morning the Band turned out at seven o'clock. We had a long march, the Band playing some beautiful Easter music. Meetings all day were times of much blessing, crowds filled our Hall at night three precious souls came to themselves to God.

Since our last report from the Mines III, God has been working blessed us in every respect. We had the joy of seeing ten precious souls cleansed in the fountain of life. Meetings are well attended, and the Corps is in a flourishing condition. Finances are good.

We had a special gathering at King Edward L. O. L. of this Corps. The meeting was conducted by Captain McKim, of the adjoining Corps of Sydney Mines; she delivered an appropriate and eloquent address. George Band, Jr.

Since last report from Wood Ont., our Officers have turned and gone home on furlough, and have welcomed into our midst the Royle Family, who are in to do for the Master.

Although we do not see the final results, we believe the work is working on the hearts of the people.

On Monday night a musical evening was conducted by the Green. The people are thoroughly enjoying the music.—R. C.

EXCITING TIMES.

Cottle's Cove.—Since our last report, we have had some good old times. Friday last, while in our holiness meeting, open came the door, and three souls came rushing to the mercy seat. On Sunday night three others gave their hearts to God. Tuesday night we had a good crowd, numbers being saved. While singing, "Come, Sinner, to Jesus, no Longer Delay," one young man led the way to the penitent form, and a minute later, two others came, one of whom was an aged man who sprang from a back seat, crying to God to save him. We had a Hallelujah wind-up, and down came the stove.—Lieutenant Ball.

EAGER WATCHERS.

Fortune.—We have recently received a visit from Lieut.-Colonel Rees, accompanied by Adjutant Hiseock. Sunday March 29th was a day of great expectation. We received word that our P. O. intended doing three meetings for us, therefore, many eyes were eagerly looking for the boat all day. At last she arrived, and our beloved Leaders were just in time for the night meeting.

After a good fight, four souls came forward crying for mercy.

Lieutenant Ash leaves for St. John's by return boat.

The week-end meetings at Petrolia were conducted by Captain Bunton. The meetings all day Sunday were splendid. At night the Hall was crowded, and at the close of the meeting one backslider returned. On Monday night the illuminated service was good, and was enjoyed by all.—L. Kerr.

We can report victory at Seal Cove, F. B. On Tuesday night the Spirit of God was greatly felt, and at the close we rejoiced over one soul. On Sunday last, deep conviction was on the people, and at night two more souls got blessedly saved.—T. Loveless.

"UNCLE TOM" BEAMED.

Keep the Sergeant-Major Busy.

God is still leading The Army on to victory at Little Bay Island, and during the Winter, several souls have been captured from the enemy's ranks. On April 8th, we had a banquet and special meeting, which was a very fair success. The programme of the meeting consisted of readings, recitations, quartettes, and solos, and was much enjoyed by all present. Captain Loveless and Mr. Grimes (Uncle Tom) sang "You have heard of The Salvation Army." A more pleasant face than Uncle Tom's would be hard to find at that time, it was really beaming with smiles.

After the meeting, there was a syrup social, someone called it a "seuffle." Well, it was a lively time. Sergeant-Major Elliot was kept busy pulling corks and pouring syrup. When it was over, some of the comrades complained of being a little weary, but seeing that the services rendered were for the good of The Salvation Army, and the extension of God's Kingdom, they didn't mind the weariness. The income for the day amounted to \$27.03. — Wellington Jones.

Clark's Beach.—Since our last report, quite a number of souls have left the path of sin. During the past two months, much of the power of God has been witnessed here. One hundred and fifty souls have been swept into the fountain. Ten of them have taken their stand under the dear old flag.

Last Sunday was a day of blessing. Twenty comrades turned out to kneedrill and got a good blessing, and seven took their stand under the Yellow, Red and Blue in the afternoon. One sought and found Christ at night. Our faith is very high for another enrollment very soon.—Lieutenant Bugden.

Since last you heard from Catalina, we have had the joy of seeing thirteen souls seeking and finding Christ, and eight for holiness.

On Good Friday, we had a good day, and at night we had the pleasure of enrolling five comrades as Soldiers. —A Lover of Souls.

At 7.30 a.m., Easter Sunday morning, the Soldiers of Paris had a march. There were twenty-nine out, including the Band. We had splendid meetings all day; two re-consecrating themselves to God at the close of the evening meeting. We have two more Bandsmen now.—M. W.

We are having some glorious times at Gambo. During the past two months God's Spirit has been working, and we have had the joy of seeing over fifty souls kneel at the mercy seat and claim pardon.

We had an enrollment a short time ago, at which some of our dear comrades pledged themselves to God and The Army.—Sardeen.

Some wanderers are returning to God at Picton. Ensign and Mrs. Hurry are farwelling, after a three months' stay. We are sorry to lose them, as we have learned to love and esteem them very much for their Godly lives and for the work they have done. Captains Gartlan and Thornton are coming to lead us on.

We are still going ahead at Mussel Harbour Arm. All day Sunday God's presence was felt, and one soul surrendered to God in the afternoon, and two in the night meeting.—Candidate C. Rodway.

NEW HALL OPENED.

We opened our new Barracks at Harry's Harbour on Sunday, April 5th, and had a splendid time. We have been working here for a long time in an old building that was far too small, and now to be able to praise God in a new building, we all feel like shouting Hallelujah!

During the Winter months, we have not been able to do the work we would like, as we had to pull down the old Barracks to push on with the new one, and for a month had no place in which to hold meetings, with the exception of two Sundays (the L. O. A. kindly loaned us their Hall).

Death visited our little Harbours last week, and an old lady was called away in the silent hours of the night. The Captain conducted the funeral service in the Methodist Church.

VISITING THE SICK.

Our Officers at Shelburne were recently requested to visit a sick lady, who seemed very near the Gates of Death. As they prayed and talked with her, the "peace that passeth all understanding" came into her heart, and she was truly converted. She seems now, to be slowly recovering, and Officers and comrades are praying that this sickness may not be unto death, but for the glory of God.

At the close of the holiness meeting on Sunday morning, one soul was found at the mercy seat.—M. Ensign, for Ensign Miller and Captain Snow.

AN ATTRACTIVE HALL.

Grand Forks, B. C., is now under the command of Captain Tanner and Lieutenants Holland and Gorman, and from the standpoint of a careful observer, the Corps is on the up-grade. A social was held recently, and was a decided all-round success.

The Hall has been thoroughly cleaned, and its attractive condition draws a good congregation. One soul was saved recently, and is turning up well.—The G. E. M. Man.

New Westminster.—A Band has been started here. The new building is rushing up. Major and Mrs. Morris, assisted by Captain and Mrs. Johnstone and Lieutenant Wright, were with us on Monday, April 20th to be present at a Sale of Work by the Band of Love, in the Senior Hall. A large crowd gathered; an excellent meeting was conducted, and a nice sum realised towards the new Hall.

Adjutant Gosling and the Soldiers are full of zeal, and things in general are decidedly on the up-grade.

We are having very blessed times in New Liskeard. Souls are being saved at nearly every meeting lately. Last Sunday two young men gave themselves to God, and are taking a hold stand in The Army. On Tuesday night one young man sought and found the Saviour. On Thursday, two backsliders returned to the fold, and last night, another backslider found redemption in Jesus' blood.—Woodchuck.

We have had Adjutant Habbirk at Chatham for the week-end. Bandsman Ward, from London assisted him. A large crowd was attracted to the open-air on Saturday night by the band solos of the Adjutant. In the Hall, the Adjutant sang continuously for a whole hour, and Bandsman Ward gave a cornet solo. The Barracks was crowded on Sunday.

SEVEN CHILDREN DEDICATED.

Easter Sunday was a great day at Winnipeg 1., beginning with a fine march at 6.30 a.m., when we had seventy-four Soldiers, including Bandsmen, on the march. We had one hundred and one at kneedrill.

The holiness meeting was led by Adjutant Byers, and we had a most glorious time. A dedication service was held towards the close, and five little ones were dedicated to God and The Army. Two babies were also presented to God and The Army in the afternoon.

The Salvation meeting was led by Major and Mrs. Taylor, and during the prayer meeting, four came out for salvation. The open-air was well attended, and we had great crowds to listen to us at the different stands.—S. W. Prince.

TWO HUNDRED MARCH AND TESTIFY.

On Good Friday we had a soul-stirring time at Bonaville. From early kneedrill God was with us. At the evening meeting we had a wonderful time, when about two hundred marched the streets testifying and singing the praises of Him who saved them. Precious souls were saved in the inside meeting, and many convicted of sin.—W. M.

GOOD CROWDS AT LINDSAY.

Staff-Captain McLean and Adjutant Habbirk were at Lindsay for the week-end. Crowds and finances the best yet. The Adjutant sang and played, and the people were delighted. Holiness to the front. Fair weather. All is well. The War goes on. S.D. a sure success. They will be warmly welcomed on their return.—Calvert.

We had a splendid time at Berlin last week-end; Envoy Sumner, of Stratford, was with us, and his bright singing and speaking was a blessing to all who attended our meetings.

Sunday night he gave us a plain address about the suffering of Christ. Two souls came to the Saviour.

We are fighting on to victory under Captain Luggier and Lieutenant Politit.—N. S.

We had a very interesting time at Paris on Good Friday evening, when Colonel Sharpe, gave a very instructive address on Newfoundland. He also showed his moving pictures, which were very much appreciated by all present.

We also had a visit from the Brantford Band, which was a great surprise and pleasure; Major Green accompanying them.—M. W.

Enthusiastic week-end meetings at Campbellford, Ont. The interest is rising here. The Songsters' Brigade, which has been recently started, has already proved a great blessing. We are believing for great things to take place.

"Tommy," our new drummer, is proving himself a credit to our Corps.—E. S.

We are pushing on at Nanaimo, and on Friday night we praised God for one soul in the fountain. Another came on Saturday.

Captain Mrs. Travis is able to be with us once again. Captain Travis and Lieutenant Kery are doing a blessed work.

On Sunday night three recruits were enrolled.—Drummer.

THE PEOPLE WONDERED.

Easter Sunday will live long in the memories of the Soldiers and residents of West Toronto. At 6.30 a.m., a large number of Soldiers and Bandsmen could be seen and heard marching the streets and singing praises to the "Risen Christ." A large crowd was present at kneedrill, and one soul surrendered to God. The crowds for the day were excellent. People looked on in wonder at our large marches, and many were the remarks passed, as to how God was blessing and prospering the S. A. work at this place.

Captains Richardson and Walker, also Father Myles, (of Barrie) were with us on Sunday night. God made them each a blessing. We rejoiced over ten souls for the day. Finances almost double.—A Worker.

We had good times on Easter Sunday at Brandon. The Band was to the front at seven o'clock in the morning. Captain Coleman and Captain Smith, from Winnipeg, led the meetings all day, and at the close we had three souls in the fountain.

Bandmaster Dancy, who has been with us for three months, farewelled on Sunday. During his stay in our midst, he has proved a great blessing both to the Band and to the Corps. May God bless him.—George Dinale.

This week has been one of great victory and blessing at South West Arm. We had with us Ensign England, who has been resting at Botwoodville for a little while. Her visit was much enjoyed by all.

Sunday was a day of Blessing. We had five souls in the fountain, eleven for the blessing of a clean heart, and two for salvation, and five others during the week. Our converts are of the right stamp, and are doing well. Soldiers are all on fire for God and souls.—L. I. L. Y.

Since our last report from Botwoodville, two souls have come to Christ, and three recruits have taken their stand for God, as Soldiers in The Army.

Mrs. Captain Collins had some very interesting specials arranged for Easter week, and we spent an enjoyable time. Captain Collins is very busy working the Outposts, and is determined to smash our S.D. Target.—C. W. G.

Our Easter meetings at Nelson, B. C., were well attended. The Band was playing in Baker Street before seven a.m. Three souls have claimed pardon, and testified that they had received peace.

We were pleased to have Adjutant McRae with us for a week-end lately. Lieutenant Chatterton has also been here, helping on the war during the past month.

At present the Self-Denial is well to the front.—A. B. S.

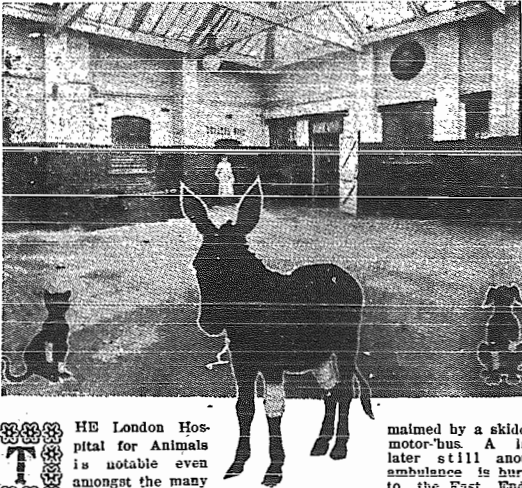
The Petrolia Corps is still progressing. On Thursday night the moving pictures and lecture given by Lieut. Colonel Sharp were thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Sunday services were splendid, and God was very near.—Corps Cor.

Last week-end was a time of great blessing at Buckingham. Bandsman Thomas and Brother Bowman, of Ottawa I., were with us. They worked hard all day Sunday, and at night were rewarded by two souls coming out and giving their hearts to God.—N. Armstrong, Captain.

Hospitals for Animals.

An Institution Where Queer Patients are Admitted, from Pet Rats to Ex-Racehorses.



THE London Hospital for Animals is notable even amongst the many remarkable institutions which the metropolis possesses. It constitutes a direct connecting link between the King and the coter, and in the truest sense, represents the real renement of human consideration in the tender solicitude it shows for the animals that pass within its portals. No matter if it be a debilitated lizard, a dropical dog, a crippled cat, a maimed rabbit, a decrepit monkey, or an injured horse, the surgical and medical resources of the institution are at once accessible, providing the owner is unable to find the necessary fee to command the services of a veterinary surgeon.

Since the Hospital was established in Hugh Street, Belgrave Road, in May, 1906, nearly ten thousand patients have been treated, a circumstance which not only proves the urgent need of such an institution, but forms a striking index to the amount of preventable suffering which remains unalleviated prior to its inception.

The principles on which the Hospital is conducted resemble very closely those in vogue at hospitals generally. The welfare of the animals being of chief importance; first aid is rendered in regard to casualties; but, for the rest, it is incumbent upon owners to show that they are proper persons to make them recipients of the benefits of what is essentially a philanthropic concern. By rigidly adhering to this rule, the Hospital has been able to secure the assistance and co-operation of some of the most eminent veterinary surgeons in London.

For instance, there is no more enthusiastic and painstaking friend to the animal patients at the hospital, than the veterinary surgeon who has the distinction of being canine specialist to the King. It is reported, that after an operation in a troublesome case, he makes frequent inquiries as to the condition of the invalid, with just as much depth of human interest as though he were inquiring as to the health of a fellow creature. It is no wonder, that with such a stock of ardour, the Institution has attained a high degree of perfection.

A few minutes halt outside the hospital gives an excellent insight into the claims which are made upon its usefulness. In quick succession, a boy carrying a fox-terrier with a broken leg; a woman with a basket containing an injured cat, and a limping horse arrive at the main entrance, and a moment later, come under the critical care of the animal doctor.

While these casuals are being treated with a liberal allowance of splints, plasters, and bandages, the telephone bell rings, and, in post haste, the ambulance is despatched citywards to bring in a cab-horse,

maimed by a skidding motor-bus. A little later still another ambulance is hurried to the East End to bring in a dog with a dislocated shoulder.

An inspection of the interior of the hospital gives the visitor a lasting impression of how much care and forethought has been employed.

The bird section of the Animals' Hospital is quite a separate establishment, inasmuch as a charge is permissible, and so it happens that this is the aristocratic region. Here "my lady's" parrot, the dowager duchess's canary, and the baroness's parrot are undergoing the distasteful process of restoration, after a life of excess.

The oddest patient in the ward is what originally was a grey parrot. It has stripped itself of the whole of its feathers. The matron declines to believe that the bird was actuated by a desire to establish a new fresh-air fashion, and the alternative is that Poiuy has to undergo treatment for an onslaught on parasites.

Another parrot is the victim of asthma, while a robust-looking canary is suffering from heart disease, brought on by excessive doses of cayenne pepper and saffron—a fashionable method of securing a richly coloured plumage.

Many of the birds have become debilitated through improper feeding. It is apparently a common error to give canaries fat, notwithstanding that it is the surest way of ruining their health. However, these faults of diet, as well as most of the ailments, are successfully battled with at the Hugh Street establishment.

Now for an inspection of the wards. They are arranged with due regard for the size of the patient. A row of donkeys, with a variety of ailments, occupy a ward on the ground floor. Most of them belong to costers; and their enforced detention spells semistarvation to the owners and dependent families, for without the assistance of "Neddy" the coster's income is seriously reduced. A dozen or more horses in an adjoining ward bear scars and other evidences of street mishaps.

Both horses and donkeys lay claim to a large share of hospital admiration, as much for the patient way in which they endure their hardships, as for the almost speaking manner in which they show their appreciation of the kindly treatment meted out to them. It has frequently happened that on the appearance of the veterinary surgeon, a horse has exhibited an intelligence which in a human being would have been deemed praiseworthy.

The dog, however, is the prize patient. The cat, on the other hand, is undoubtedly the most troublesome. The fact is that pussy is essentially a home pet, and any interference with her habitation is strongly resented. She may be suffering from a broken

shoulder-blade, a dislocated leg, an attack of paralysis—in all probability due to bad medicine—a variety of other complaints, but it is all the same to her. She nurtures a grievance against mankind in general, and the hospital staff in particular, directly she is deprived of the quiet seclusion of home life.

She preserves a cold exterior to the most kindly intentioned advances, and places her own feline interpretation on the motive at the back of splints, blisters and nostrums, however seductively the latter may be served; while the electric battery has terrors beyond her range of expression. In short, she cannot be wheedled. She betrays a consciousness that she is not at her best ambling about in splints; and her opinion on hospital diet would probably be a liberal education, even to a dietetic specialist. In this connection it is surprising the enormous amount of animal suffering entailed by ignorance in the feeding of pets.

To return to the dog. He is the very embodiment of what a patient should be. His endurance is remarkable. Men's attachment for the dog is only intensified by a knowledge of how he can behave when called upon to undergo a surgical or medical treatment.

Some while ago a large brown retriever was carried to the hospital with a gash in the shoulder. Placing his head on Mr. Hartshorn's shoulder, he permitted the sixteen stitches to be taken through the flesh without even the suggestion of a wince.

Just before arriving at the hospital, the dog had had an encounter with some burglars, who, in order to effect a retreat, had inflicted the injury. The owner of the retriever verily believes that if he had appeared on the scene a few minutes earlier, he would have fallen a victim to the desperadoes. The dog is still an inmate of the institution, and an attempt is to be made to teach him to collect funds for

Another interesting dog case is found up with an extremely sensitive tortoise. The dog fell ill, and was conveyed to the hospital. A few days later the owner presented herself at the institution, carrying a tortoise.

"What is the matter with the tortoise?" asked Mr. Hartshorn.

"Well, I firmly believe that it is fretting because the dog has been taken away," came the reply. "The fact is, a remarkable attachment has sprung up between the pair in a curious way. One day the dog returned home with the tortoise in his mouth. Where he got it from I have not the least idea. Maybe he thought it was a bone. Presently he discovered that the thing could move, and, after a somewhat cautious establishing of an entente cordiale, the two became inseparable chums. At any rate, as soon as the dog was taken away the tortoise would not take food of any kind, and I feel sure that it is only a case of fretfulness."

By way of finding out how much there really was in this theory, the dog was released from his ward, and the meeting of the two friends was something never to be forgotten. The dog pranced about the tortoise with almost frantic joy, while the latter immediately resumed its normal condition, and, as well as it was able, provided ample evidence of considerable gratification. The affinity was so unmistakable that the owner picked up both pets and wended her way home.

But such affinities do not always exist between the patients.

A rabbit with a broken leg in splints, although becoming convalescent, cannot be induced to evince the remotest interest in a ruffianly monkey in the adjoining compartment, despite the frantic endeavours of the latter to strike up terms of friendship. "Jacko" has become sufficiently restored to health to express a more an appetising regard for nuts. His unpopularity, perhaps, is due to a weakness for vigorously cracking the shells when all the other occupants of the ward are convinced that every self-respecting convalescent should be thinking of sleep.

From time to time the hospital authorities are invited to extend the scope of their work by supplying artificial limbs after an amputation has taken place, but, without exception, this work is left to the veterinary surgeon in the ordinary—or, rather, ex-ting-

traordinary course of his profession. At the present time Messrs. Arnold, the famous firm of surgical instrument makers, of West Southfield, are engaged in the manufacture of an artificial leg for an Australian black crow. Repeatedly wooden limbs have been made for poultry, with results extremely satisfactory—that is, after the birds have learned the unwelcome of trying to perch on the new limb.

Quite recently a cow was provided with a wooden leg, which was a trifle inconvenient in swampy ground, but it had its compensating advantages in the hot weather, being impervious to the playful attentions of the flies. The art of the false eye maker has been frequently requisitioned on behalf of dogs, while two canine pets rejoice in the distinction of a set of false teeth, fitted by one of London's most eminent veterinary surgeons.

Promoted to Glory.

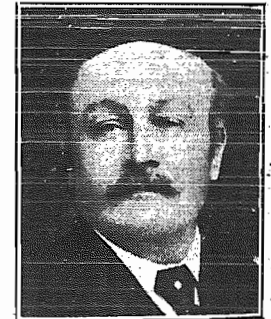
BROTHER BELLERBY.

A very pathetic document has reached us, containing the last written message of Brother Bellerby. The name of the Corps is not on it, so we cannot say from what part of the Territory it came. It states that Mr. Charles Thomas Bellerby was born in Tockwith, Yorkshire, England, and was left an orphan in 1857. When only five years of age an aunt brought him to Canada. A few verses follow, addressed to his two boys, and bidding them be good to their mother when he is gone. It is signed, "Father," and a footnote states that he cannot see to write very well, so will the Editor please excuse mistakes. His dying words were, "God bless The Army."

MR. JOHN WILLAR, OF TILT COVE.

A tried and faithful friend has passed away. In the person of Mr. John Willar, who by his faithful and Godly life, has made a mark in this place, which will live for years to come.

Mr. Willar was saved about five



Brother Willar, Tilt Cove.

years ago, and since that time has been very faithful to God, and has enjoyed God's blessing and power.

On Sunday, April 15th, he left his home, with the intention of attending the evening prayer meeting, but had only been there about five minutes, when he was seized with heart failure and died instantly. About fifteen minutes previous to his death, he left his home full of life, making the remark that he had not felt better for months. Truly we can say that he died at his post.

Mr. Willar leaves a wife, four sons and three daughters—all of whom have our sympathies.

One of the sons is Captain Samuel Willar, of the Eastern Province, who is now at the Hospital, undergoing a serious operation.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. J. Morris, and in his remarks at the service he stated that Mr. Willar was a good citizen, a loving father and kind husband.

To the sorrowing friends we extend our truest sympathy.—Captain Har-

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY.

The Foreign Secretary again conducted the weekly holiness meeting at the Congress Hall, Clapton, on Thursday night last. In spite of the very rough weather—snow, etc.—a large crowd of people attended.

As is usual at these meetings, the Commissioner delivered a powerful address, which, on this occasion, was based on St. Paul's words to the Corinthians (2 Cor. vi. 13) "Be ye also enlarged." Reference was made to the "exceeding great and precious promises" of God, and the fact that we must be "separate" from the world in order to serve God fully. The possibility and beauty of full salvation from all sin was made clear to everyone.

UNITED STATES.

Slum Settlement. On the 31st of March, Commander E. C. Booth opened a new wing in connection with our Slum Settlement in New York City: the idea being to form a Women's Club, where, for twenty-five cents per night, or one dollar and a half per week, young girls, who might get led astray, may have living and sleeping accommodation, with bath rooms, sewing rooms, laundry, a social room, where lectures, entertainments, etc., may be given periodically, or, if they prefer, go to the meeting held in the same building every night.

This is the outcome of a great need which has been made manifest particularly in this part of New York City, as the result of the splendid work accomplished since the Slum Settlement was opened by the Commander two years ago.

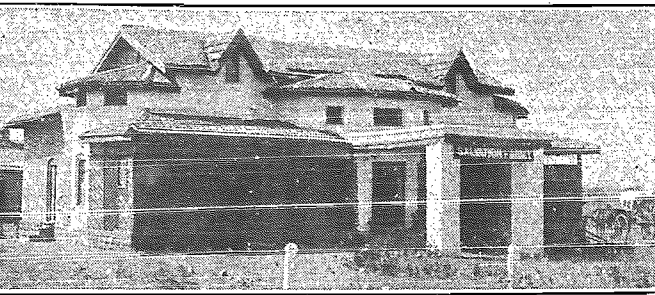
A Novel Reception. Colonel Peart, the United States Chief Secretary, met with a very novel reception when visiting a town called Bay City, recently. The local Corps and Band, together with other visiting Soldiers and friends, met the Colonel at the railway depot dressed in white sheets. This innovation caused a tremendous stir in the town, and brought a great crowd of people to the meetings.

MRS. McDOW, OF DARTMOUTH.

The death messenger has entered our ranks and has taken from us our dear comrade, Mrs. McDow. "Mother" McDow, as she was called, was a Soldier in the Corps for twenty years. While she had much opposition and many hard struggles, she overcame these through the blood of the Lamb, and during her last moments on earth she was heard to say, "Never, no never alone."

It was her request to have an Army funeral, and this was arranged by Captain Mannion, the Officer in charge. The service was conducted by Major Morehen, the Divisional Officer, assisted by Adjutant Orchard. A large crowd attended the service, and also went to the cemetery. The congregation mostly consisted of her personal friends. She was certainly loved by all.

On Sunday night we held a memorial service; Captain Turner was in charge. Several of our comrades who had known Sister McDow for many years spoke of her. God was truly in our midst, and sinners were made to feel the importance of being made ready. Mrs. McDow leaves a



Our Boys' Boarding School at Ahmednagar, India.

INDIA AND CEYLON.

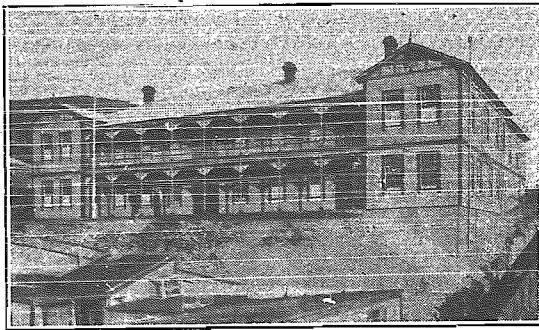
South, India. Three native Officers, who have been trained in the Catharine Booth Hospital, in Travancore, under Salvation Army Medical Officers, have just been sent out to take charge of two new Dispensaries and a Branch Hospital situated in different places, some miles distant from the Central Hospital.

Colonel Nuraní recently led a Harvest meeting at the Narvatoor Corps. The meeting was arranged in a field, and a beautiful pandal was erected for the Colonel and her Staff. Several leading Staff Officers spoke, and the Training Home Songsters sang suitable songs. The Harvest list was very interesting, and the Target was reached. Forty-one people from the Corps and Outposts, who were heathen, were received into The Army, and new names were given

to them. At the close, several people came forward for salvation, amongst them being an ex-Jamadar's wife, who got soundly converted, after living for nine years in a backslidden state.

Another promotion to Glory amongst the ranks of our Indian Officers has just taken place, in the person of Mrs. Staff-Captain Tuley (Roshni Dal). When she went to India she was known as Captain Elliott, and has done faithful service in India and Ceylon for about six years. The news of her promotion has been received by cable.

In the course of a Tour by Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker in the Punjab Territory, the party travelled on camels to a village twenty miles from Lyallpur, for a Mela. Here a large number of our own people attended the meeting, as well as quite a number of high caste



Girls' Home, Wellington, New Zealand.

This Home has accommodation for sixty girls. It cost \$13,000, and was erected especially for The Salvation Army.

number of sons and daughters to mourn the loss of a kind and loving mother. They have our sympathy and prayers. Their confidence is in God, and He never fails those who trust Him.

One precious to our hearts has gone, The voice we loved is still, The place made vacant in our home Can never more be filled. Our Father, in His wisdom called The boon His love had given; And though on earth the body lies The soul is safe in Heaven.

—Secretary Speight.

SERG. KIRBY, JACKSON'S COVE.

We feel sad to have to report the death of Brother Sergeant P. Kirby, who departed this life April 6th, 1908. But we are glad to know that our loss is Heaven's gain.

Our Brother had been suffering for about fourteen or fifteen months from that fearful disease—consumption. During the Winter months, since we have arrived at this place, we have constantly visited our Brother, who, through all his many sufferings, meekly bore his cross, and

could always say, "God's will be done." It did one good to visit him; he was always so patiently waiting for the summons to come up higher. Many and many a blessing we have received while visiting him, and many a cheering word he gave us.

We all feel sure today he is singing with the blood-washed throng in that beautiful City above. Our dear Brother leaves behind a dear wife and seven children, to mourn his loss.

On Sunday night we held the memorial service. Much conviction was felt, and the oldest son of our departed Brother yielded to the strivings of God, promising to fill his father's place in the Corps, which was the greatest desire of his father while upon his death-bed.

Our prayers and sympathy are for the bereaved ones. May the Lord ever bless and keep them.—Clara Collins, Lieutenant.

SISTER TILLEY, CLARENVILLE.

Death has visited the little Corps of Clarenville, and taken from our midst the daughter of Sergeant-Major Tilly. For some months she was unable to do anything, but through all this, she

Hindoos and Mahomedans. A good number came forward for salvation and sanctification.

ITALY.

Rescue Work. Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Peyron has conducted meetings on behalf of the Rescue Work, in several of the Italian cities, and has met with great success in placing the needs of this work before the educated classes.

In Rome, she held a Drawing-Room meeting, at which some ninety ladies belonging to distinguished society were present. The meeting was referred to in very warm terms by the Press.

FRANCE.

Lieut.-Colonel Cook's Campaign. During a week's Campaign in Paris, Lieut.-Colonel Cook reports wonderful series of meetings, and a blessed manifestation of revival spirit. No less than fifty-three adults sought salvation, and there were a large number of holiness seekers. Colonel Fornachon assisted Lieut.-Colonel Cooke, in all these meetings.

FINLAND.

Men's Shelter. The Chief of Police in Helsingfors paid a surprise visit to our newly established Men's Shelter, quite early in the morning, recently. He was more than pleased with everything he saw, and has written a very warm recommendation of the Shelter, at the same time, giving his permission for this to be published in our Annual Report.

GIBRALTAR.

Self-Denial. Staff-Captain Leib and his comrades on the "Rock" have been very successful with their Self-Denial Effort, £144 having been raised, as against £105 last year. A good many of the Military, Naval, and Civil Authorities in residence, gave contributions to the Fund.

The present dynasty in Japan has held away since 600 B.C.

was never heard to complain. She would very much liked to have attended the meeting once more, but God willed it otherwise. She passed away while the writer was by her bedside. Her last testimony was, "I will soon be at home."

Her remains were carried to the Barracks where a very impressive service was held. Magistrate C. Tuck spoke very sympathetically to the bereaved ones.

Our prayers ascend for the sorrowing parents and friends.—N. Cole.

FREDERICK LOVELESS, OF HERRING NECK.

The Death Angel has visited this place and taken from the home of Brother and Sister Loveless—their youngest son, age 21 years. He passed peacefully away on March 25th. We laid him to rest Tuesday 31st, with the hope of meeting him again when the Morning breaks, and the shadows flee away. Though not a Soldier, it was his desire to be killed by The Army. A greatly crowd attended the service.

May God bless and comfort the sorrowing ones.—Captain F. Smith.

A . . .
STIRRING
TALE . .

Drake: A Salvation Greatheart.

From the
British . .
War Cry.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEARNING TO FIGHT.

NEXT morning Drake was provided with lodgings in the home of an earnest man of God; his shipmate was also comfortably fixed up. But the two soon drifted apart, owing to the fact that Drake's zeal in the work of God increased daily, while his shipmate was not even an abstainer.

Our hero had no difficulty in obtaining employment as a wharf labourer, and while the work of loading and unloading ships was hard and often dirty, the reward for his toil was greater than he had ever imagined he could earn. Paid at the rate of 1s. 4d. an hour, and allowed to work as many hours a day as he pleased, he soon found himself very comfortably off, to say the least.

Tiring of the wharf, Drake next obtained work as a bricklayer's labourer, and in less than six months had so mastered his new calling, that he was working on buildings as a skilled bricklayer.

Unlike many others who, when fortune smiles on them, tire of the fight, and live a life of self-righteous indolence, Drake continued to attend every meeting possible, and sought by every means to improve his education and his knowledge of Scripture. He taught a class in the Sunday School, and had ambitions of becoming a local preacher. At last, to his great joy, he was taken on trial, and sent to Walsall, with another local, to take his first service.

In Fear and Trembling.

He had for weeks been studying the sermon he intended to deliver on that occasion, and he felt, that after the congregation had heard him, they would wonder how such talent had remained undiscovered amongst them so long. His chosen text was, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" and when he stood up to face his congregation, he gave it out in fear and trembling.

Then he read the words aloud, and wondered why he could not see them distinctly in the big Bible before him. Raising his eyes from the Book, he looked appealingly at the congregation, and again assayed a start, by reading out his text. Alas! this was as far as he could get; and he sat down, wishing the floor would open up and swallow him. But he had learnt a lesson: that of himself he could do nothing.

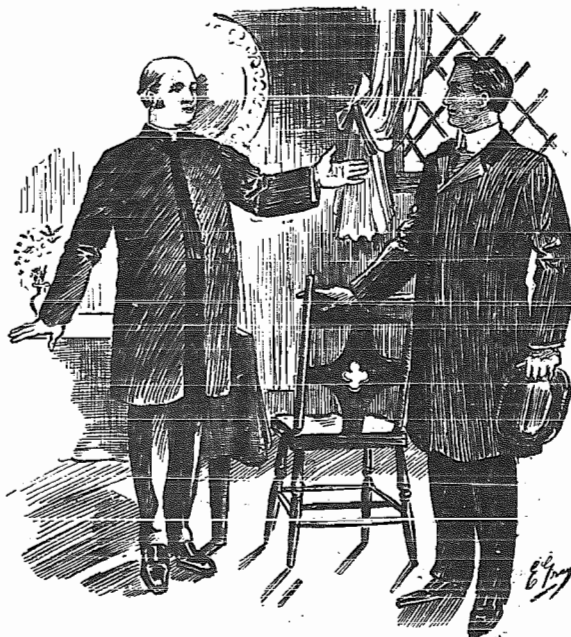
Three months later, Drake, who had now been taken "on the plan," was sent to the same town to take a service alone. He took the same text, but with this difference—he now relied on God for his message, and delivered it in God's strength. On this occasion, he spoke with good effect for twenty minutes, and at the close, three souls sought salvation.

These were happy days for Drake. Like The Salvation Army Local Officer of to-day, he laboured hard for his bread five or six days of the week, but, during the week-end, he plunged with even greater zest into the occupation which he loved best of all—his work for God.

He Got His Message.

In connection with his week-end work, Drake frequently rode as many as fifty miles on horseback on the Sunday, conducting three meetings at different centres.

One Saturday night the Superintendent-minister sent for Drake, and told him that he wished him to take the Sunday night meeting in the big chapel at Now-castle. Drake protested that he was quite unfitted to speak to a fashionable audience. The minister insisted, however, as he himself would be a part of the speaker who had been



"The Superintendent Minister Sent for Drake."

appointed, had been suddenly taken ill.

"Go home, get your Bible, and pray about it," said the minister, "and you will certainly get a message."

Drake did go home, but he could not compose his thoughts, and when it was time for the Sunday night meeting, he felt quite unprepared for the work required of him. However, he went into the pulpit, relying upon God, gave out his text, and straightway forgot his fears. He was able to deliver his message, and he ascertained afterwards, that it had been a means of blessing to not a few.

After being two years in Australia—years that had made him into an out-and-out fighter for God—Drake decided to come back to England to see his parents and friends, and afterwards return to New South Wales. He had no intention, however, of paying for a passage out of his hard-earned savings, but shipped as a sailor on board a large vessel that was taking a cargo of coal to San Francisco.

The long voyage was made without mishap, but at San Francisco the vessel had to lay up for eighty days waiting for a cargo. During that time one very amusing incident occurred.

The ship's cook was a Swede; the sail-maker a Dane. Both were very fond of liquor, and one day the sail-maker came on board very drunk. The cook, who was also the worse for liquor, had placed the sail-maker's dinner in the oven, but the latter delayed his return so long, that when at last he did appear, the dinner was burnt almost to a cinder.

Greatly incensed at this carelessness, the sail-maker threw his dinner at the cook, who retaliated with something else that lay handy, and in a moment a free fight was in progress.

Now, it happened that a large tin bath, nearly full of dripping, was standing on the floor of the galley. In the scuffle the cook fell into this bath, and when he emerged, his hair and whiskers were covered with grease.

As the cook was making unavailing



"The Old Man Ran Straight Across His Well-kept Flower Beds."

efforts to clean himself of this mess, the third mate came on the scene, and invited him to his cabin, saying he would soon improve his appearance if he had him there for five minutes. The cook being too drunk to take the matter as a joke, complied with all seriousness, and the mate seized the opportunity of rubbing on a little vermilion red and ultra marine powder, which he used in his work, while pretending to separate the dripping from the cook's complexion.

A Dangerous Cook.

All unconscious of the trick that had been played on him, the cook walked boldly along the deck, to the amusement of the Captain, who stopped him and inquired very seriously whether he had looked at himself in the glass that morning! Greatly mystified, the cook went to his galley. The next moment he was out on deck again, brandishing a large knife, and threatening to kill the third mate if he could get at him. The crew soon overpowered the desperado, however, and the incident, although it was the joke of the ship for several weeks, did not have any serious consequences. But for many a day it was not safe to make any references to looking-glasses within ten yards of the cook-house door! Even at that distance, such a remark was likely to bring a painful of strops about the ears of the inquirer!

During his stay in port, Drake saw many riots brought about by the Anti-Chinese agitation, which, at that time was greatly exciting the population of the Pacific Slope. There were several incendiary fires, one of which resulted in the destruction of over five hundred houses, and a large wharf where a great many goods were stored. Several vessels had to be towed out to the harbour to escape the fire, and hundreds of burning barrels of oil floated on the water, presenting a weird and extraordinary spectacle.

At last their cargo was aboard, and the vessel sailed for Liverpool, by way of Cape Horn—a voyage of five months.

Home Again.

Drake had been away from home no less than four years, and as he walked up the village once more, his heart beat very fast. He knew he had altered greatly during his absence. He left a lad, and was returning a man. How had they fared at the cottage during his absence? At last the little home was reached, and lifting the latch, he entered, to find his mother very little changed. What a joyful greeting that was, as Drake rushed into her open arms, and told her of God's goodness to him in all his travels! How they wept and prayed together!

Father was not at home, but working, mother said, in his allotment garden, some distance from the house. Drake went out to see, being too impatient to wait while some one fetched him. As he quietly approached the garden, he could see his father digging. For a moment or two Drake stood, concealed in some bushes, and feasted his eyes on the familiar figure. Ah! the back seemed less straight, the figure more weary-looking than Drake remembered. Surely his father could not be growing old!

As soon as Drake came out of his concealment, his father saw him; the sweet old face became wreathed in smiles, and, with a cry of joy, the old man ran straight across his well-kept flower-beds, and threw his arms around his long-absent boy.

"Thank God for bringing my boy safely home!" he cried, tears of joy running down his face as he spoke. For such a welcome, thought Drake, it was worth coming all the way from Australia.

Father and son walked home arm-in-arm. They had much to tell each other, and before they had been talking long together, Drake discovered that his arrival was timely, if not

providential. A year before this, his father had hurt his knee so severely, that he had not been able to get about to work, with the result that they had often experienced hard times at home. Thanks to his salvation, Drake had come home with a well-lined purse, and was thus enabled to immediately relieve the anxieties of the parents he loved so dearly.

(To be continued.)

The Praying League

(Continued from page 2.)

elves to God. "That is consecration." Second.—To have a present experience of cleansing, not depending upon the testimony of five or ten years ago, but having an inward consciousness just now that the precious oil anointing blood of Jesus cleanses from sin. The clear witness of the Spirit, God's Spirit bearing witness with ours that our life is right and pure.—1 John 1. 7.

"It is the blood that washes white, That makes us pure within; That keeps the inward witness right, That cleanses from all sin." (To be continued.)

A Fierce Tornado.

A wind of cyclonic proportions swept over portions of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama, on April 24th, leaving in its trail a number of dead and injured. Most of the houses were blown down, whose chimneys were destroyed by the tornado. It is estimated that a score of small towns in Louisiana have been destroyed or partly wrecked. In Alabama, a cotton mill was blown down and cars were hurled from the railroad tracks. Fierce winds have also swept over some of the Western States, destroying farm houses and live stock.

A Frontier Fight.

More trouble has broken out on the Indian frontier, and a British force has been sent out from Peshawar, under the command of Sir James Willcocks, the general who crushed the recent rising amongst the Zalka Khels. In consequence of an attempt made by the raiding tribesmen to cut the British lines of communication, Sir James attacked the enemy with all his available troops. After a sharp fight, the British troops dislodged the Mahomeds from their positions. The British casualties are given at sixty, while the losses of the enemy are not known.

It is reported that ten thousand Mahomeds are gathered at Kamal, twenty miles from Peshawar, under the command of a general named Abdul Wahid. The British are said to have crossed the Kabul River to join the malcontents.

An Exploded Fallacy.

Another "popular fallacy" has lately been exploded. We so often hear the remark made that the children of ministers of the Gospel turn out worse than anyone else. When we come down to plain statistics, however, we find that such is not the case.

According to Mr. Lowell's article in "Munsey's Magazine," in every twelve Americans who have risen to distinction have been ministers' sons. In England, as far as can be ascertained from "The Dictionary of National Biography," about one person out of distinction in nine is a clergyman.

Some twenty years ago, a Swiss scientist investigated this subject, and commented upon the large proportion of scientists and learned men in Europe during the past two centuries, who had been sons of ministers or pastors. Such names as Agassiz, Dr. Jenner, Linnæus, Huxley, Addison, Jonathan Swift, Sir Christopher Wren, Lord Nelson, the Wesley's, Lord Tennyson, Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, and others, appear in the long list of those who have risen to disprove the "popular fallacy" referred to. So there is no truth in the glib statements of the scandal mongers after all.

AN ALASKA WEDDING.

Captains Smith and Russel United.

The last "Paragraphs" sent out from the Provincial Office at Vancouver, contained certain information, re a Captain Russel coming out to be married to It did not say who. A certain individual in the District of Alaska, however, seemed to lay claim to the lady referred to, and the magnetic attraction of the North seemed to draw the said Captain Russel up to the District of Alaska.

She arrived in the town of Wrangell on the 15th day of March, and, on account of the mail boat not making a connection, it was nearly a week before we could get the interested young man to his anxiously waiting lassie.

After getting a cablegram to him by a round-about-way, he arrived on the next possible boat, to the intense delight of ONE and all. It was arranged that the 25th day of March should be the wedding day. Preparations were made, a special hall was taken, flags arranged, cakes baked, etc., and a nice crowd came to witness the ceremony. The D. O. followed by the wedding party, arrived on the platform, and, after singing and prayer, and a solo by Mrs. Pussy, and the reading of a portion of God's Word, the articles of marriage were read, and the "I wills" were spoken clearly. Captain Thomas Smith and Captain J. N. Russel were then made man and wife.

Captain Herrinton and Captain Miller supported them through the interesting ordeal, and, after a few words from the bridesmaid and the groomsmen, the bride sang a nice song—"Keep on the sunny side of life." The bridegroom then had a few words, and the first part of the meeting came to a close.

All were then invited to another room, where tables were spread with the good things the ladies of Wrangell had baked. Coffee was served with the cakes. One cake had been especially made by a certain gentleman (a cook) for the bride and groom. All were delighted with the service and the eatables, and many wished the newly married couple much future happiness and usefulness.

Captain and Mrs. Smith, with Captain Herrinton left the following day for their stations. Captain Herrinton goes to Klawock, while Captain and Mrs. Smith go to Shakan. May God make them a mighty blessing among the natives of Alaska.—Robert Smith, Adjutant.

Marriage of Lord Minto's Daughter.

The marriage of Lord Errington to Lady Ruby Elliott took place without interest to Canadians, as the bride is related to the present Governor-General of Canada, and to his predecessor. Lady Ruby is the second daughter of Lord Minto, Viceroy of India; and niece of Earl Grey.

The Queen of England, and the dowager Empress of Russia were present at the ceremony, which took place at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Lord Cromer, and is in the Diplomatic service.

Amongst the many presents received, was a gold bracelet from the officers of the North-West Mounted Police.

We had good Sunday meetings at Paris; and one soul came to God. On Wednesday one sister came forward and got saved. The meetings are well attended. On the 29th, three came to the mercy seat.—U. W.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends
We will search for any person missing, or any part of the globe, before, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women, and children, or any other distressed persons. We will search for any person missing, or any part of the globe, before, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women, and children, or any other distressed persons. We will search for any person missing, or any part of the globe, before, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women, and children, or any other distressed persons.

First Insertion.

6580. FLOWERS, CHARLES ALBERT. Single; age 23; height 5ft. 9in. Sandy brown hair; dark eyes; fair complexion; carpenter and joiner by trade, but in Canada he has farmed, worked in camps; served as cook; last known address was Etimonia, Sask. Parents anxious.

6589. WYNNE, FRANCIS FIELD; age 22; height 5ft. 7in; black hair; brown eyes; tattoo on arm of serpent and red Indian Chief; last known to be working for the Sault Ste. Marie Railway, in Minneapolis.

6587. BLAKELEY, ERICK LIONEL LEWIS; age 19; height 5ft. 10in.; brown hair; blue eyes and fresh complexion; passionately fond of reading and fishing; last known address he was farming in Township of East Whithy. Mother very anxious.

6588. CLARK, WILLIAM; Scotch; age 23; height 6ft.; fair complexion; grey eyes; missing for two years; last heard of in Calgary, Alberta. Mother is very anxious.

6584. BARRETT, WILLIAM ED.; age about 50; medium height; farmer; hair is rather gray; blue eyes; single; fair complexion; missing ten years; last known address Dundas, Ont.

6584. LADDER, THOMAS; age 45; height 6ft.; fair hair; blue eyes; fresh complexion; stammer a little; last heard of in Fleton, about six or seven years ago. Mother anxious.

6277. NUTTALL, ALBERT EDWARD (alias BERT SEAGER); age 25; height 5ft. 6in.; dark hair; blue eyes; may walk with slight limp on left leg. Last heard of in Campton, Que.

6218. HAY, JAMES; sailed with the "Siellian," from Glasgow, for Canada, June 8th, 1907; he is supposed to have been in Quebec, and later in Portage la Prairie; was working for the Railway. His friends last heard of him here; said he was going to Winnipeg, Man. News urgently wanted.

5964. ARNOLD, WILLIAM, or FRED, or WILLIAM WYLLAM; age 31; height 5ft. 6in.; dark brown hair; eyes; an art metal worker. News urgently wanted. Please communicate with above address.

Second Insertion.

6464. MARQUIS, JOHN STEPHEN, alias J. Hardy; English; age 27 height 5ft. 7in.; Engineer; hair black or dark brown; eyes brown; single; swarthy complexion; missing three years; last known at Red Dale P. O.

6596. NICHOLL, ROBERT CAMPBELL; Native of Edinburgh, Scotland; age 27; farmer; supposed to have landed at either Montreal or Quebec, from S.S. "Canadian," July 20, 1905. Will hear something to his advantage if he communicates with above office.

6597. MARQUIS, HENRY WHITE MORE; known as "Harry" American; age 48; height 5ft. 7in.; medium complexion; dark brown hair; probably grey; blue eyes; fluent talker; fond of reading and fishing, very fond of children; painter and decorator by trade. Mother anxious.

6598. DAVIS, WILLIAM; stone-cutter; last known address, North-West.

6591. STEVENS, ARTHUR CHARLES; last heard of in Montreal, Quebec.

6562. KILBY, ARTHUR; last heard of in Birmingham, England, in 1888; brother enquires.

6569. GRIEVE, WILLIAM; Native of Perth, Scotland; discharged from Notre Dame Hospital, Montreal, last May; his mother is very anxious.

6581. SCOTT, THOMAS; age 37; Auburn hair; light moustache; last heard of in Los Angeles, four years ago; father enquires.

6578. McKINNON, MALCOLM; age 18; light complexion; medium height; brown hair; blue eyes; last heard of in Winnipeg, Man.; about a year ago.

6582. TREVENA, GEORGE; Cornishman; age 62; height 6ft. 8in.; miner; dark hair and eyes; fresh complexion; married; last heard of fourteen years ago; last known address; Parkville, Duck Town, Tennessee, U.S.A.; has nearly all fingers off one hand.

6571. TAYLOR, JOSEPH and WILLIAM; came to Canada through the Middlemore Home, Birmingham, about fifteen years ago when they were very small boys; their native place is Halsewe. William is about 28, and Joseph 24; their eldest sister, Mary, enquires.

6139. TROKE, ED. THOMAS; last known address, Nelson, B.C.; age 30; height 5ft. 9in.; dark brown hair; grey eyes.

6352. JENKINS, GEORGE; last known address was Montreal; age 22; height 5ft. 2in.; dark hair; brown eyes; carpenter by trade.

Music Competition.

OPEN TO MUSICAL SALVATIONISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Our Bandsmen and other musical comrades throughout the world will be glad to know that the Chief of the Staff has approved the following arrangements for the competitions for the present year. The competitions will, on this occasion be divided into two classes only, as follows:—

1.—The best original vocal solo, with chorus, suitable for use in any or either kind of Salvation Army meeting.

2.—The best original march, for the use of Army Bands.

There will be no competition this year for selections, but this will take place in 1909.

As on previous occasions, the Musical Board at International Headquarters, will adjudicate on the pieces sent in, and cash prizes, accompanied by Certificates of Merit, will be as follows:—

For the best solo, 1st prize, £22.0.
2nd " £11.0.
For the best March, 1st " £33.0.
2nd " £11.0.

A Certificate of Merit will also be given to competitors taking third class.

The Competition in all classes will be open to Salvationists of all ranks in every land, excepting persons who are employed by The Army in composing or editing music.

The vocal solos must be received in London between June 1st and 30th. The Marches between September 1st and 15th.

Full particulars, together with conditions and forms of entry, may be obtained from the Secretary, Musical Board, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.

Intending competitors are urged to make immediate application, so that they may understand exactly what is required of them.

"Leave It There."

You put your trust in God and then you take it away. A vessel comes across the sea. It is nearing the "Narrows." A pilot comes on board. "Now," he says, "captain, you have had a very rough time; go and rest. I will take you up to the wharf in safety." The captain goes to rest, but he feels nervous. He says, "Now, if the pilot doesn't understand his business, how I will take none." We put our confidence in God. We say, "O Lord, take possession of our heart and life. We will trust Thee for the future." God must take entire charge, or He will take none.

Songs for All Meetings.

Holiness.

Tunes.—Shall we meet? 156; Saviour, like a Shepherd, 169; Song Book, No. 446.

1 Jesus calls me, I am going
Where He opens up the way,
To the tilling in His vineyard,
Shrinking not a single day.

Chorus.

Where He leads me, where He leads,
Where He leads me I will follow,
I will follow all the way.

Friends may shun me, tolls await me,
Care and sorrow be my lot;
But I've chosen Christ my Saviour,
I am going, call me not.

Jesus calls me, I am going
To the life He wills for me;
This poor world can't still the aching
Of my heart, or set it free.

Tunes.—Confidence, 4; Rockingham, 15; Song Book, No. 370.

2 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within Thy wounds—then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee;
Seal Thine my breast and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy needling side;
Who, life and strength do thence derive,
And for Thee fight, and in Thee live!

Experience.

Tunes.—Remember me, 58; No other argument, 53; Song Book No. 655.

3 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

When shall these joys thy glorious walls,
And gates of pearl behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Jesus, my Saviour, dwells therein,
In glorious majesty;
And Him, through every stormy scene,
I onward press to see.

Tunes.—Nativity, 51; Grimsby, 33; Song Book, No. 315.

4 I've found the Pearl of Greatest Price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ I have,
Oh, what a Christ have I!

My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love;
My bread, my hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Nottingham, 85; Innocents, 83; Song Book, No. 143.

5 When thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, oh, where wilt thou appear?

What shall soothe thy bursting heart
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to Thy Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,
Then in Heaven shalt thou appear.

Tunes.—Who'll be the next, 293; Song Book, No. 57.

6 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
Some one is ready, some one is waiting;
Who'll be the next a crown to wear?

Chorus.

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Come and bow at His Precious feet.
Who'll be the next to lay every burden
Down at the Father's mercy seat?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to praise His name?

Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption?
Sing Hallelujah! Praise the Lamb?

Tune.—Bringing in the sheaves, 215, C and Eb; Song Book, No. 116.

Sinner, thou art speeding down to death unheeding,
Hear the Saviour pleading, haste, Oh, haste away!
From His mercy turning, dying love still spurning,
Over thee He's yearning, Oh, get saved to-day!

Coming home to-day, coming home to-day,
Sinners and backsliders are coming home to-day;

Coming home to-day, coming home to-day,
Glory Hallelujah! they're coming home to-day!

Often He has called thee to accept salvation,
Often He has waited at the heart's closed door;
Outside still He's standing; now His Spirit's striving,
Will you heed His knocking—let Him in to-day?

Pardon's day is passing, see, the light is going,
Heaven's doors are closing, mercy will be gone.
This grand chance is flying, soon thou wilt be dying,
Saints of God are crying, "All may come to-day!"

WANTED!

Consecrated women, to offer themselves for Nursing, Rescue, and Maternity Work. Great advances are contemplated in this branch of our operations. Including nursing among the poor, and in the homes of the people, besides other developments of this important work. Apply to:

MRS. COMMISSIONER COOMBS,
20 Albert Street, Toronto.

Coming Events.

The Chief Secretary.

*Sarnia, May 15th,
*Windsor, May 16th and 17th.
*Lindsay, Saturday and Sunday, May 23rd and 24th.
*Mrs. Sowton will accompany.

LIEUT. COLONEL GASKIN.

Orrilla, Saturday and Sunday, May 16th and 17th.
Temple, Thursday, May 20th.
Berlin, Saturday, May 30th.
Stratford, May 31 and Sunday, June 1.
Ottawa 1, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, June 6, 7, 8.

The Territorial Staff Band

Midland, May 30th and 31st.
Huntsville, June, 27th and 28th.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Matier—Western Province.
Cobalt, May 16-18; Latchford, May 19, 20; North Bay, May 21; Sturgeon Falls, May 22-24.

Captain Bunton—Western Province.
Berlin, May, 16-18; Paris, May 19, 20; Tilsonburg, May 22.

Ensign Ash—Eastern Province.
New Atherden, May 16-18; Glace Bay, 19, 20; Dominion, May 21, 22.

Captain Backus—Eastern Province.
Kentville, May 18-20; Bridgetown, 21-24.

Sin Discovered.

There was a man who committed a foul murder in a Scottish castle upon a young bridegroom. The assassin took horse, and in the dead of night, fled for his life through wood and winding path. When the sun dawned, he slackened his pace, and behold, he was emerging from a thicket in front of the castle whence he had fled, and to which, by winding paths, he had returned. Horror seized him; he was discovered, and condemned to death. So, however far and swift we may fly, we shall find ourselves, when light returns, ever in the presence of our sin and of our Judge.

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TODDLERS.

A Book for Little Children. Preface by the Chief of the Staff. 35c. postpaid.

The Trade Secretary, Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario.